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NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

—by ABDULLA

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Don't worry, Grandma...

Grandma is 87. She is a tough old English countrywoman whose life is written on her face. She's a fine old soul, very, *very* independent and she always has been.

Grandma is worried these days because she hears a lot of talk about the next war. She sees strange shapes hurtling across the sky leaving behind them a high-pitched whine. Her great-grandchildren are collecting models of these new jet aircraft.

Grandma worries because in her lifetime the tragedy of war has struck her home and her family twice. Seven of her children and grandchildren were killed. And everybody tells her the next war will be worse than the last one.

But will it happen again? We don't know. One thing is certain—if it does, it will not be because we haven't tried to prevent it.

We are building up our strength now to deter the aggression of those who seem bent on our destruction. This is a costly job, costly in terms of money, manpower, materials and time.

Freedom, however, is not free; nor must it ever be taken for granted. It is a heritage to be guarded and guaranteed by all the power we can command, particularly power in the air.

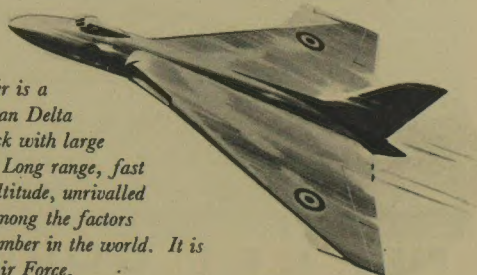
Much of our air power comes from the men, women and machines of the Hawker Siddeley Group, that great commonwealth of companies which is providing the Free World with incomparable aircraft and aero engines. They include the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the Hawker Sea Hawk, the Avro Canada CF. 100; the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire and Double Mamba jet engines and the Avro Canada Orenda.

Such complex and expensive armament is certainly a drain on our resources, a high price indeed when all of us want so many other things. But it is a low price to pay if it ensures that our children and our children's children shall live—and live in peace and freedom.

Don't worry, Grandma. We think everything's going to be all right.

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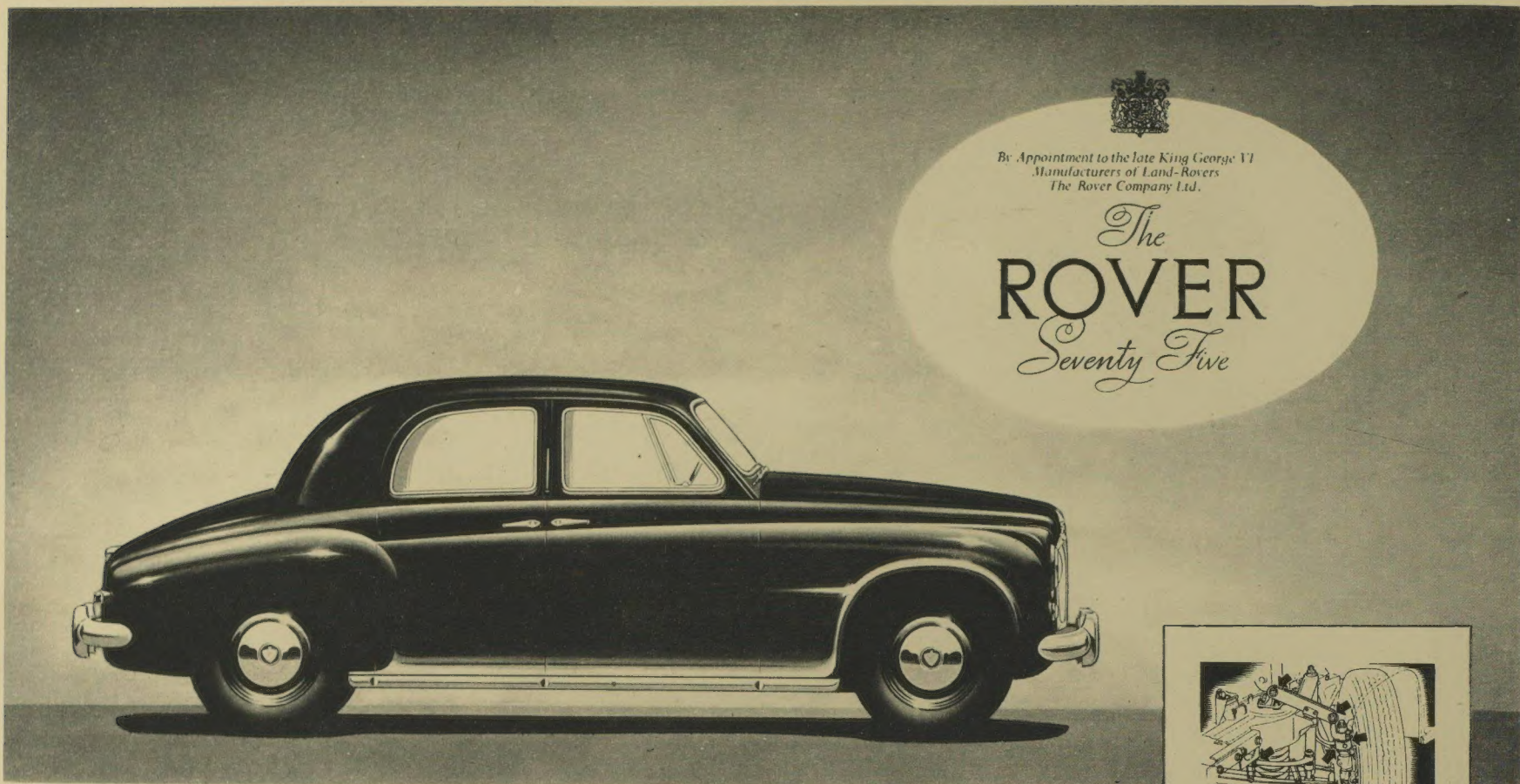


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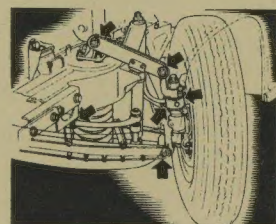


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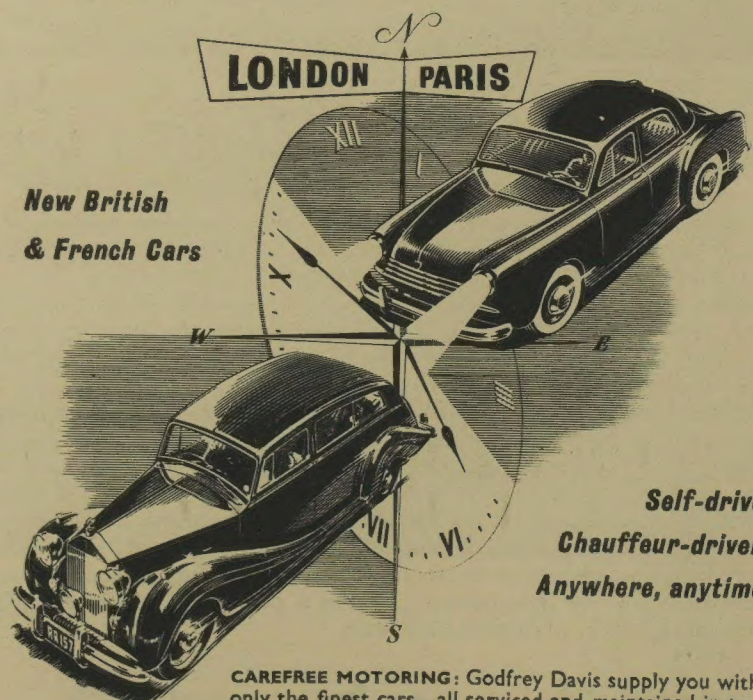


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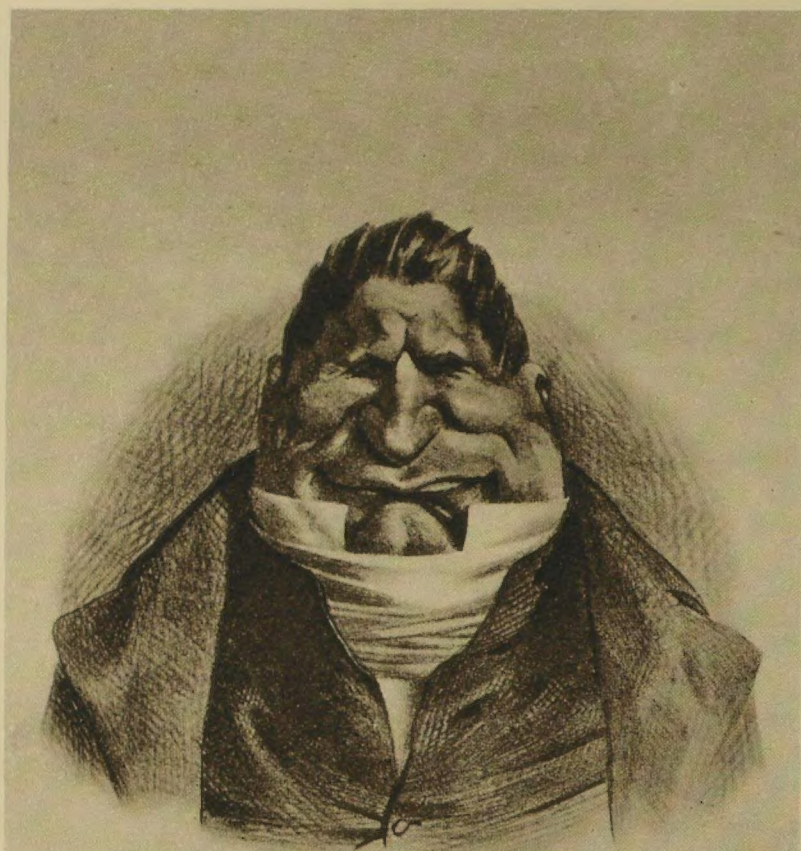
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POT-DE-NAZ

THIS EXAMPLE of one of Honoré Daumier's famous caricatures of bourgeois society first appeared in the French comic journal *Charivari*. The title of the picture is a pun on the name of the subject, Baron Joseph de Podenas.

Daumier, who was born at Marseilles in 1808, often modelled his subjects in clay before drawing them on lithographic stone. His satirical drawing of King Louis Philippe as "Gargantua", which was published in *La Caricature* led to his imprisonment for six months.

That Daumier's work continued to appear even after his imprisonment epitomises the traditional freedom of the Press in a free world. In contemporary times the caricaturist continues to satirise public figures with no hindrance except the censorship of good taste exercised by the Press itself.

Today the newspapers and journals of the free world, with their immense facilities for obtaining news and information, bring the searchlight of knowledge and comment to bear on world-wide affairs which otherwise might be conducted (and in countries where news is censored are so conducted) behind a curtain of secrecy. With a free press at his disposal no literate person need today be ill-informed.

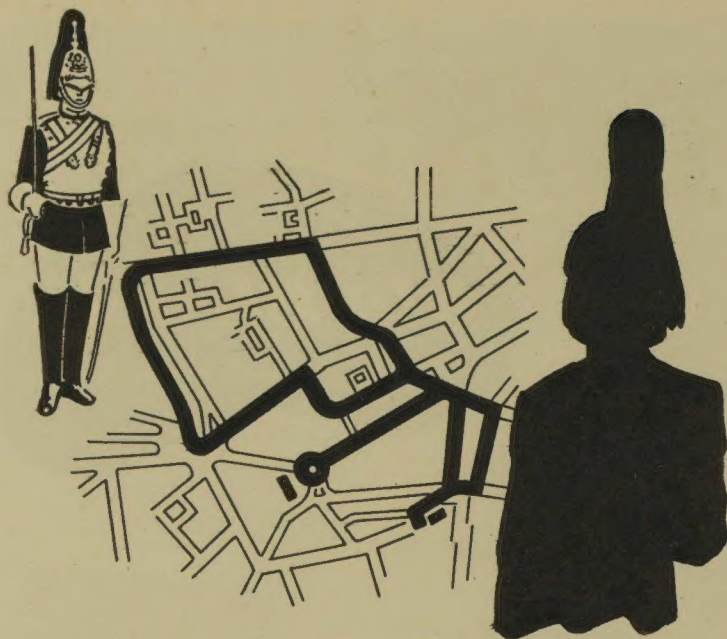
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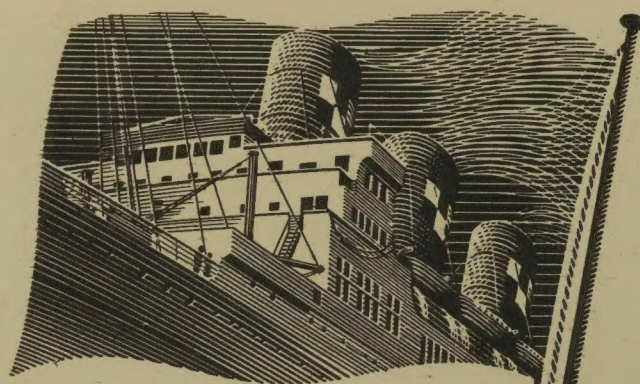
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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1953.



EMERGING FROM THE SITE OF THE ORACLE WHICH HERODOTUS COMPARED WITH THEBES AND BABYLON: A COLOSSAL MARBLE HEAD OF APOLLO, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ANCIENT PATARA, IN LYCIA.

Elsewhere in this issue Dr. F. J. Tritsch describes the discoveries made by himself and Mr. Ahmet Dönmez at several sites in Lycia, in Southern Asia Minor. The most striking discovery—the head of a colossal statue of Apollo, the head itself being about 3½ ft. high—was found in what Dr. Tritsch calls “rescue soundings,” in land which was being terraced for olive plantations. On this same site were

found remains of a temple, with numerous offerings, including a remarkable collection of Greek pottery: and it appears extremely probable that this was the site of that famous Oracle of Apollo which Herodotus in the fifth century B.C. compared with those of Egyptian Thebes and Babylon. In the course of other excavations in the province, three important Lycian inscriptions were found.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"O PEACEFUL England!" sings the Virgin Queen in Edward German's romantic, nostalgic, Edwardian—or is it late Victorian?—light opera. That, of course, is the particular attribute which we always apply to our country, and certainly at the time that "Merrie England" was written, around the turn of the century and at the very heyday of our naval and commercial supremacy, it was a description true enough. And yet I wonder whether the librettist was not making Queen Elizabeth overstate things a little. Was England, historically, quite as peaceful as we think?

For, when one comes to reckon it up, it is startling to find how few reigns in English history were wholly peaceful. And there seem to have been even fewer in Scottish history; at any rate, until the Scots triumphed over their sister country by planting the Scottish royal dynasty on its throne.

If one denies the attribute of "peaceful" to any reign that saw a civil war, an armed rising or an invasion of our shores, there have only been about half-a-dozen reigns in our history which escaped all of them. Before the Conquest, indeed, there were few reigns that did not suffer all. One has only to read the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to realise this. It is full of entries like: "In this same year Lothen and Yrling came to Sandwich with twenty-five ships and captured an indescribable amount of plunder in men and gold and silver"; or, "In this year Griffith and Aefgar"—one of them a Welshman and the other an Englishman—"burnt down St. Aethelbriht's minster and all the city of Hereford." Both entries were made in the reign of one of the most pacific of all English kings, Edward the Confessor. Indeed, the only pre-Conquest reign that I can recall that escaped all the three disasters I have mentioned was that of Canute, and even he waded through blood to the throne and died in his early forties. No: I doubt if Gurth the swineherd or Winifred his wife would have described pre-Norman England as a very peaceful place.

Nor was Norman England. The reign of William the Conqueror, quite apart from a couple of Danish invasions, saw rising and, though all were unsuccessful and crushed with a ferocity which would have wrung a tribute of admiration even from Canute, a great deal of blood was shed, and the clamour, apprehension and excitement at the time must have been intense. In fact, it must have been difficult for a humble family to have lived through William's reign without taking once or twice to the woods. That of Rufus, though short, was little better. Even Henry I., who was an admirable king, if, like Mr. Butler and his predecessors, a little heavy on the taxpayer's pocket, was unable to save his subjects altogether from rebellion and civil war. But the fighting was mostly confined to his dominions in Normandy, on the other side of the Channel. Still, even then, the contemporary chroniclers of our domestic life are pretty lugubrious, recording almost every year such calamities as a plague of cattle and pigs—"foot-and-mouth," perhaps—"so that in a village that had ten or twelve ploughs in action, there was not one left; after that, the hens died, then the meat and cheese, and the butter ran short." And the taxes, of course, continued as high as ever! As the chronicler wrote on another occasion of the same reign: "The man who had any property was deprived of it by severe taxes, and the man who had none died of hunger!" "Old Moore Gubbins" in his weekly almanack of prophetic woe in his Sunday newspaper column could scarcely have improved on this.

As for the reign of Stephen and his rival monarch Matilda, we all remember what happened then: how the barons "hung men up by the feet and smoked them with foul smoke . . . put knotted strings round their heads and writhed them till they went into the brain." It was almost the only readable thing in our school history-books! And the Scots who invaded the Northern counties were, if anything, even worse! Yet all this, it may be said, was only to be expected in the twelfth century. What is surprising is to find that in all the reigns of the next four centuries England still fails to survive the test of "peacefulness" I have suggested. Henry II. was almost the greatest of English kings: a man of inexhaustible energy, a master of politics and diplomacy, with a most subtle and original mind, and a passion for order. He gave us the chief of all our political blessings—greater even, I think, than Parliament itself—the Common Law and the English judiciary. He was the father, even if not the direct father, of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, of the provincial Assizes and Justices in Eyre, of the principle of "peaceful possession," and of trial by

jury. Yet even his reign was checkered by rebellion and Scottish invasions, to say nothing of the political murder of an Archbishop of Canterbury on his own altar steps. The reigns of his sons, Richard and John, and of his grandson, Henry III., were all broken by violent civil war, and one of them by a major foreign invasion. Even Edward I.'s reign, which was the most peaceful for England in the whole mediæval period, was notable for its long and repeated wars against the Welsh and Scots. His son, Edward II., was dethroned and murdered by his subjects, while Edward III. plunged the country into the Hundred Years War; during his reign, half our southern ports were burnt by enemy raiders and the Black Death entered England, slaying in a single year a third of its population. As for the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., we all remember from Shakespeare

what happened in them. Even Henry V. had to suppress a rebellion before he sailed to Harfleur and Agincourt, which in themselves were scarcely peaceful episodes. What occurred to England in his son's reign was so cataclysmic that it can only be regarded by an Old Harrovian as a punishment for his having founded Eton! We need not enumerate the other reigns of the Wars of the Roses: all took the same lamentable course. The Crown of England, it will be remembered, was finally picked up under a bush, where it had rolled in the heat of battle, and was placed on the head of the grandson of a small Welsh squire who had secretly married into the Royal family. Nor did even he, shrewdest and wisest of kings, nor his bluff, successful, bullying son, escape armed rebellion. None of the Tudor reigns did—not even Elizabeth's.

It is not till we come to the reign of the Scottish James I. that we can begin to speak of "peaceful England." Even in his reign Guy Fawkes tried to blow up Parliament, and it was thought necessary, for the sake of public security, to keep Sir Walter Raleigh—the Lord Beaverbrook of the time—permanently in the Tower. There was nothing peaceful about large portions of the reigns of Charles I. or Cromwell. Charles II., on the other hand, did manage to secure his subjects a large measure of peace, despite the Plague, the Fire and the Dutch in the Medway. Yet his four years' political duel with Shaftesbury at the end of his reign was almost a civil war—one from which only this idle monarch's consummate political skill saved England. James II.'s brief reign witnessed two rebellions and a successful foreign invasion, and his successor's, however ultimately victorious, saw risings in Ireland and Scotland, and a French fleet triumphant under the cliffs of Beachy Head. Anne's reign, despite its foreign wars, was truly glorious—save for Victoria's, the most glorious and peaceful in our history. But even it came near to ending in civil war; and there were armed risings in the otherwise peaceful reigns of both the first Georges. As for George III.'s long reign, though, but for the Gordon Riots it almost passes our test—for one cannot call Colonel Tate's landing in South Wales in 1798 an invasion—it was checkered by a dreadful Irish rebellion, the loss of the American Colonies, and almost continuous foreign war. And at the end of it there was

nearly a revolution, and Peterloo! George IV.'s brief reign began with the Queen Caroline riots—which many people at the time supposed was a revolution—and that of William IV. with the burning of Bristol, a peasants' rising in the southern counties, and the violent Reform Bill agitation.

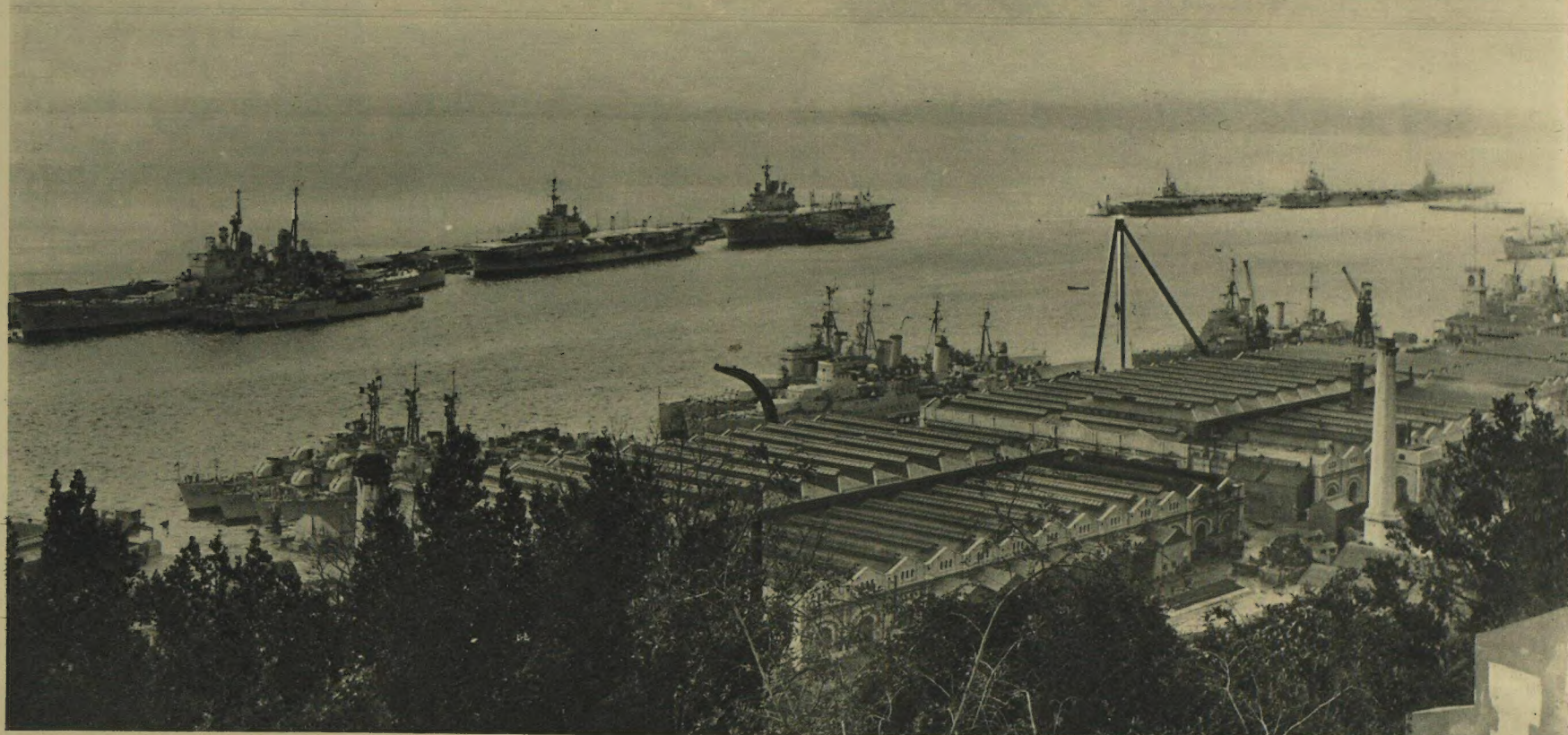
And so we come to the reign of Queen Victoria, during which I was born and a great many other people still living, who grew up in an exceptional age of tranquillity and survived to suppose, rather pathetically, that an ordinary one of murder, horror and sudden death was the exception that proved the beneficent rule. And the reign of Edward VII., blissfully puffing his luxurious cigars in a Cecil Cutler pastel, was like unto it. And after that the deluge! For though under good King George V. and his great Walpolian Minister, Baldwin, we had a blessed measure of "peace in our time," no one who went through the cataclysm of the First World War can ever think of his reign as "peaceful." As for George VI.'s reign, the blitzes and the heroism with which they were endured by the civilian population will probably be remembered longer than anything else that happened in it. All of which, as my old nurse used to say, goes to show! I am not certain what it goes to show, but it may seem worth recording. Perhaps it shows that we shall be less lucky than we expect? Or, perhaps, that we shall be luckier?

A SPLENDID GIFT TO THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

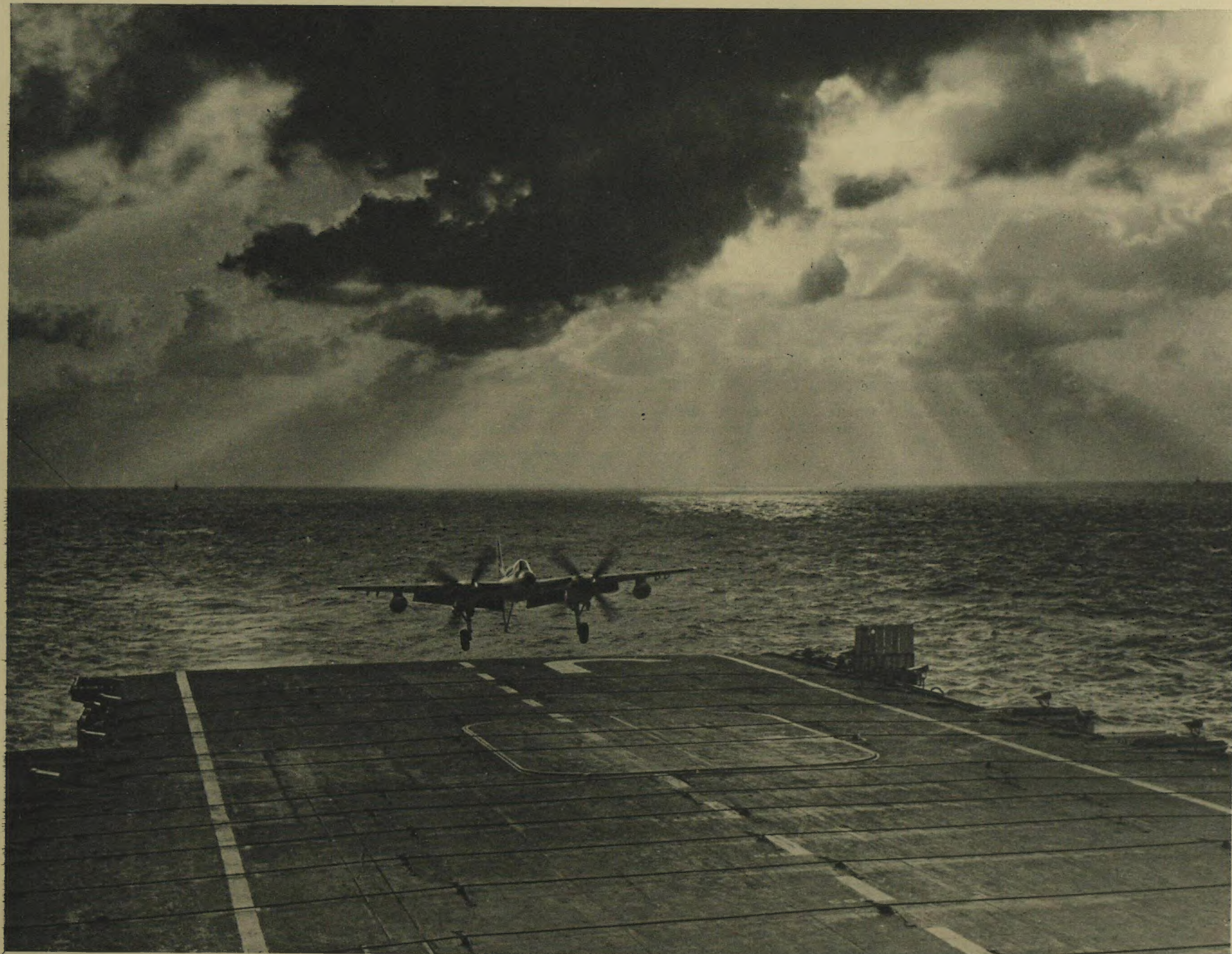


"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN GLORY," KNOWN AS "La Vierge Coupée": BY BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO (1618-1682), A PAINTING WITH A REMARKABLE HISTORY. (Canvas, 91 by 64½ ins.)

"The Virgin and Child in Glory," by Murillo, has been purchased for £5000 by the National Art-Collections Fund and presented to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. It was painted in 1673 by order of Archbishop Don Ambrosio Spinola for the Archiepiscopal Palace, Seville, but at some period prior to the Peninsular War the upper part of the Virgin's figure was cut out and removed, and a copy substituted. The abstracted portion found its way to England and Mr. Jones Loyd (Lord Overstone) bought it in 1838. In the meantime Marshal Soult removed the large canvas from Seville and sent it to France with other fine Murillos. In 1862 Lord Overstone acquired it, and was then able to replace the original upper part, so that the two portions of "La Vierge Coupée" were reunited after a separation of half a century. The painting has recently been on loan to the Birmingham Art Gallery and City Museum, together with other treasures from the Wantage Collection (Lady Wantage was Lord Overstone's daughter) through the kindness of Captain C. L. Loyd, M.C. The original painting and the eighteenth-century copy of the upper part of the Virgin's figure and the Child were reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of December 15, 1945. The painting was engraved by Hardouin Coussin and by Jean Marie Leroux.



IN HARBOUR AT GIBRALTAR AFTER "EXERCISE CROSSBAR": SHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET; SHOWING ALONGSIDE THE SOUTH MOLE (L. TO R.) H.M.S. VANGUARD, WITH THREE DESTROYERS; H.M.S. IMPLACABLE AND H.M.S. EAGLE. BY THE DETACHED MOLE BEYOND ARE THE CARRIERS THESEUS, INDOMITABLE AND INDEFATIGABLE.



SAFELY HOME BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS: A SEA HORNET LANDING ON THE DECK OF THE HOME FLEET CARRIER EAGLE DURING THE FOUR-DAY CONVOY EXERCISE RECENTLY HELD IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. THE EXERCISE INVOLVED THE STRONGEST BRITISH TASK FORCE TO BE SEEN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SINCE THE WAR.

THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEET'S FOUR-DAY CONVOY EXERCISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: "EXERCISE CROSSBAR."

On March 4 the most spectacular gathering of British warships to be seen in the Mediterranean since the war was operating east of Gibraltar in "Exercise Crossbar," a four-day convoy exercise. This was the first of a series of major naval exercises scheduled for this year. It was watched by Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, embarked in *Vanguard*, flagship of Admiral Sir George Creasy, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet. During the four-day exercise, which started on March 2, Admiral McGrigor visited several of the other warships taking part, including the carriers *Eagle* and *Indomitable*. He later transferred to the

heavy destroyer *Diamond* by jackstay, and thence back to *Vanguard*. In the first phase of "Exercise Crossbar" a "Red" force attempted to pass a convoy through to the Eastern Mediterranean opposed by a "Blue" force; this phase ended with an encounter between the two opposing task forces. Later the two forces combined, and subsequent phases included a large-scale air defence exercise. Ships of the Home Fleet which took part in the exercises are now fulfilling a programme of official visits to ports in France, Portugal, Spain, Madeira and Tangier. *Vanguard* will be visiting Brest for four days.

HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS OF THE N.A.T.O. NATIONS AT EXERCISE "CPX2": PERSONALITIES AT S.H.A.P.E. AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA.



DURING AN INTERLUDE IN EXERCISE "CPX2": (FROM L. TO R.) LIEUT.-GENERAL D. M. SCHLATTER, COMMANDER ALLIED AIR FORCES SOUTHERN EUROPE; MAJOR-GENERAL P. H. GRISVOLD; GENERAL H. S. VANDENBERG, CHIEF OF STAFF, U.S.A.F.; AND GENERAL L. N. NORSTAD, C-IN-C. ALLIED AIR FORCES CENTRAL EUROPE.



INFORMAL DISCUSSION: AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR HUGH LLOYD WITH GENERAL ALDO URBANI, CHIEF OF STAFF, ITALIAN AIR FORCE, AT S.H.A.P.E. HEADQUARTERS.



PARTICIPANTS IN "CPX2": LIEUT.-GENERAL S. KITIRAKIS, CHIEF OF THE GREEK NATIONAL DEFENCE STAFF (RIGHT), WITH GENERAL M. BERTRAND, OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



ENTERING THE BUILDING WHERE EXERCISE "CPX2" WAS HELD: AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR HUGH SAUNDERS, AIR DEPUTY TO SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER EUROPE (RIGHT).

THE DEFENCE OF EUROPE AS A STAFF EXERCISE DIRECTED BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY: SERVICE CHIEFS AT S.H.A.P.E.



ENJOYING A SMOKE IN THE OPEN AIR: GENERAL H. S. VANDENBERG, U.S.A.F., STROLLING WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL L. J. LESOULLE, CHIEF OF STAFF, BELGIAN AIR FORCE.



THE NAVY AND THE R.A.F. GET TOGETHER: (FROM L. TO R.) ADMIRAL SIR JOHN EDLSTEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF CHANNEL COMMAND; AIR MARSHAL SIR ALICK G. STEVENS, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF COASTAL COMMAND; AND ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CRESSY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF EAST ATLANTIC.



AN ANGLO-ITALIAN CONVERSATION IN MESS: GENERAL EFISIO MARRAS, CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN GENERAL STAFF, WITH GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE.



TRIPARTITE CONVERSATION: (FROM L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COLONEL J. KNOX (ACTING AS INTERPRETER); GENERAL OF THE ARMY OMAR N. BRADLEY, CHAIRMAN, U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF; AND MARSHAL ALPHONSE JUIN, CHAIRMAN, FRENCH JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF.



ANGLO-AMERICAN ACCORD: (FROM L. TO R.) GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING, C.I.G.S.; ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MEDITERRANEAN; GENERAL H. S. VANDENBERG; AND ADMIRAL R. B. CARNEY, U.S.N., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ALLIED FORCES SOUTHERN EUROPE.



AN "APERTIF" BEFORE LUNCH DURING EXERCISE "CPX2": AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT M. PORTER, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF SECOND TACTICAL AIR FORCE, CONVERSING WITH GENERAL EFISIO MARRAS, CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN GENERAL STAFF.



REPRESENTATIVES OF FRANCE AND DENMARK MEET: GENERAL C. LECHERES, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE, WITH ADMIRAL E. J. C. QUISTGAARD, OF THE ROYAL DANISH NAVY, DANISH CHIEF OF DEFENCE.



A WORD IN CONFIDENCE: ADMIRAL SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR, FIRST SEA LORD, ARRIVING FOR A SESSION OF EXERCISE "CPX2" WITH AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM DICKSON, CHIEF OF THE BRITISH AIR STAFF, THE EXERCISE LASTED FROM MARCH 9 TO MARCH 13.



THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXERCISE: MAN OF THE U.S. JOINT MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY HEADGEAR, WITH GENERAL



CHIEF JOKES WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF STAFF: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY OMAR N. BRADLEY.



ARRIVING FOR A SESSION DURING THE RECENT EXERCISE: GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY (LEFT), WITH GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, ALLIED SUPREME COMMANDER IN EUROPE, AND FORMERLY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF UNITED NATIONS COMMAND.



A NAVAL OCCASION: (FROM L. TO R.) COMMODORE G. THIRING, CHIEF OF STAFF, CHANNEL COMMAND; ADMIRAL ROBERT B. CARNEY, U.S.N., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ALLIED FORCES SOUTHERN EUROPE; AND ADMIRAL SIR JOHN EDLSTEN.

A staff exercise, "CPX2," attended by some ninety senior commanders and staff officers of the forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, was held at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe, from March 9 to 13. The exercise was under the direction of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and its purpose was stated to be "the study of certain problems that might be encountered in the defence of Europe." This indoor exercise might be more accurately described as a series of group

discussions enabling very senior officers of the N.A.T.O. nations to examine problems of the defence of Europe against possible aggression. The form these group discussions take has been evolved and elaborated over many years by Field Marshal Montgomery, and has become an accepted method of instruction in the British and Commonwealth Armies. Its first application within international forces was in the days of Western Union, and it was used in S.H.A.P.E. in exercise "CPX One" in April of last year. Briefly, the method of conducting them is

as follows. Participating officers gather in an amphitheatre on either side of a relief model, or models, of areas under discussion, with the Exercise Director presiding. Behind him is a small stage, where maps and charts can be displayed as necessary, and on which short presentations are given as the exercise unfolds. The Director normally opens proceedings by describing the object of the exercise, problems to be studied and the strategic setting. Then follow prepared statements lasting up to half an hour on given subjects, a brief dramatisation

perhaps to illustrate particular problems, and appreciations and commentaries by commanders in their official capacities. A system of simultaneous translation into four languages is provided—English, French, Italian and Turkish—involving the use of headphones, and numerous effects are employed to ensure that the presentation retains the interest of all present. This year, for example, invisible fluorescent paint on maps and diagrams, in conjunction with ultra-violet-ray lamps, was used.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF ROYAL HISTORY.

"THE HISTORY OF THE CORONATION"; By LAWRENCE E. TANNER, M.V.O., V.P.S.A., Keeper of the Muniments and Library, Westminster Abbey.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THAT the learned Keeper of the Abbey Muniments should write a popular historical sketch about the Coronation is most suitable; he knows his subject thoroughly, he wears his learning lightly, and Westminster, for nearly a thousand years, has been the scene of the Coronations of our Kings and Queens. In the church which Edward the Confessor built, William the Conqueror and his Norman successors were crowned. Since the time of Henry III., an illustrious patron of the arts, the present Church has witnessed centuries of such ceremonies; the Norman nave, which he allowed to stand, being replaced later by the present structure, so harmoniously designed by the great architect, Henry Yevele. Westminster had a predecessor. At Kingston-on-Thames there stands in an open space a great stone on which seven of those Saxon kings, few of whose names most of us are able to remember, were crowned. Edgar was crowned at Bath and the Confessor at Winchester. The service for Edgar's Coronation was drawn up by St. Dunstan, whose "recension" "was to provide England with a full and elaborate rite which was to be the basis of the present service." Details have been changed from time to time, but there has been very little remodelling since the Protestant Succession was established. The Regalia were almost entirely broken up or melted down by Oliver Cromwell, but they were replaced, and "the Black Prince's Ruby" (which is said not to be a ruby) is a link with the old set; and "the long reign of Queen Victoria and those of her successors, transformed the place of the Crown in the Constitution, and the position which the Sovereign has come to hold is one which has given the words and age-long ceremonial of the Coronation [which Horace Walpole, sceptical in a sceptical age, had called "a puppet show"] a deeper significance and meaning than ever before."

Mr. Tanner unfolds his panorama with skill and ease; and his curious incidental notes are extremely varied. The illustrations he has chosen—some of them pictures of monarchs and scenes never before reproduced—greatly heighten the effect of his narrative. There are drawings, paintings, manuscripts, illuminations and, as we come to our own day, a remarkable series of photographs of recent Coronations. It is odd that he should have allowed to slip in quite late conjectural engravings of the Confessor and the

readers will be able to compare with this year's proceedings, an account of the Chair and the Regalia, and a history of the Coronation ceremony. The outside pages are printed, in the reproduction as they were in the original, in gold. "Seven years earlier Mr. Thomas De La Rue had printed a Bible entirely in gold for William IV.—the first time gold was used in machine printing. He made the ink by mixing ground pure gold with varnish, and when it was decided to produce the Coronation issue of *The Sun* he was consulted and his gold printing process used. The issue was an enormous success. Regular subscribers



QUEEN ELIZABETH I.: A PORTRAIT BY AN ARTIST OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL, circa 1588. The panels left and right of this portrait of Queen Elizabeth I., of ships in a calm sea and in a tempest are believed to depict the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which the artist probably intended to commemorate. The painting is in the Woburn Abbey collection and is reproduced in "The History of the Coronation," by kind permission of the Duke of Bedford.

Illustrations reproduced from "The History of the Coronation," by courtesy of the Publishers, Pitkin Pictorials, Ltd.

were charged the normal price—sixpence—non-subscribers one shilling, but many copies changed hands at a sovereign each. *The Sun* offices were besieged with buyers who fought for copies as they came off the press. After many editions were printed, some gold remained, and this was made into a ring for Thomas De La Rue's wife. The ring has become a family heirloom, and at present is worn by Mary, Lady De La Rue."

Well, *The Sun*, for all its golden splendour, set long since. But the firm of De La Rue (a name, in the present connection, with the right mediaeval ring) still flourishes, and so do Messrs. Clowes, the printers whose "exertions made possible the original Coronation issue of *The Sun*," and who have now "printed and made" this facsimile at their works at Beccles, Suffolk. And they may still be proud of their old effort, in point both of appearance and contents. Who was responsible for the contents is not stated: I

rather suspect Mr. Murdo

Young, whose name appears on the imprint as publisher, and by whom there is a "poem," very prominently displayed on the front page, which could hardly have been published in a London daily unless the author were also the editor. Here are some specimen stanzas:

Not alone o'er the isles—but Hindostan afar
Doth our jubilee spread—in the West, the poor slave,
As he prays for thy mercy, "fair Liberty's star!"
"Be the Queen of the FREE, as the Queen of the brave."

Let the African joy, for his freedom is nigh;
Our Queen would not reign but o'er happy and free:
Let that thunder attest it—yon banner on high—
The Banner of Glory o'er land and o'er sea!

Bear witness, ye Nations! the homage we pay,
The pride that we feel, and the love we declare,
For the Queen of our hearts is, on this happy day,
Not alone of the brave—but THE Queen of the Fair!

"Then fill up a bumper to honour the Queen," he concludes: the gulf of years has at least not made that sentiment nor its expression out of date: although to-day, we have to keep a closer eye on the excise duties, lest up with a bumper should mean down with a bump.

Mr. Young (if they were his) accounts of former coronations were written with an eye to the picturesque. He says of George I.'s that "the King did not understand English, and few of those around him could speak German, so that the ceremonies had to be explained to his Majesty in such Latin as those near him could command: this gave rise to the popular jest that much *bad language* had passed between the King and his Ministers on the day of coronation." And, as for the crowning of George III. he retails certain incidents which might well have appealed to Sir Walter Scott—who, for all I can remember to the contrary, may have used them somewhere: "In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, p. 28, is an extract from a letter addressed to the Duke of Devonshire, which contains the following singular anecdote: 'The young Pretender himself was in Westminster Hall during the coronation, and in town two or three days before and after it, under the name of Mr. Brown. A gentleman told me so, who saw him there, and who whispered in his ear, "Your royal highness is the last of all mortals I should expect to see here"—"It was curiosity that led me," said the other: "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least!"'

"When the champion cast down his gauntlet for the last time, a white glove fell from one of the spectators, who was in an elevated situation; on its being handed to the champion, he demanded, 'Who was his fair foe?' The glove was said to have been thrown by the young chevalier, who was present in female costume."

Attractive as these stories are, one can hardly accept both of them, except on the unlikely assumption that Mr. Charles Edward "Brown" after wandering about for some days as a man, changed his clothes and got a seat at the Coronation Banquet as (say) Lady Brown. Presumably he would even have had to get a ticket. People certainly had to get tickets for the Coronation itself (Mr. Tanner gives a page of charming pictures of tickets). Sometimes they were



THE CROWNING OF WILLIAM I. AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1066: A PAGE FROM A MS. BOOK EXECUTED BETWEEN 1470-80 IN FLANDERS FOR EDWARD IV. AND NOW PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"This representation of the Crowning of William I. at Westminster on Christmas Day, 1066, bears little evidence of the riot and fire which followed the Norman guards misunderstanding the tumultuous acclaim of the congregation during the Recognition."

Conqueror—the latter with a long, wavy, iron-grey beard and Renaissance armour reminiscent of the Duke of Alva of Elizabeth I.'s time.

There is an appendage to this book, attached by a cord inside the front cover, which many will find as interesting—its text is almost as voluminous—as the volume itself. This takes the form of a facsimile reproduction (slight errors and all) of the issue of *The Sun* newspaper for Thursday evening, June 28, 1838, with a big picture of her young Majesty, Queen Victoria, on the front page. It contains a full description of the Coronation and the Procession, which



"A MEDIAEVAL CROWNING ON THE 'SCAFFOLD'": THE CORONATION OF HENRY IV., FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ILLUMINATED MS. OF Froissart's *Chronicles*.

This representation "of the Coronation of Henry IV. from a fifteenth-century illuminated MS. of 'Froissart's *Chronicles*' shows very clearly the Throne placed upon the raised 'mount' or 'scaffold' erected in the central space between the choir and the altar of Westminster Abbey. The King sits crowned in the sight of all. One prelate supports the Crown, the other places the Sceptre in the King's hand. Nobles and courtiers below the mount make a striking group, while on the steps leading to the Altar three attendants hold the King's crowned Helm, Shield-of-Arms, and sheathed Sword."

sold by Court officials. The ticket for an Abbey view of William IV.'s Coronation is quite open about the commercial aspect. "On admission," states the inscription, "this half will be torn off: the other part to be retained by the Purchaser to show a title to a Seat, while remaining in the Abbey during the day of Coronation."

Mr. Tanner's comprehensive and fascinating book is published extremely cheaply considering its pictorial wealth. But a slight increase in cost would have been worth it for the sake of a fuller index to the text, and a bare list of the illustrations.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 452 of this issue.

*"The History of the Coronation." By Lawrence E. Tanner, M.V.O., V.P.S.A., Keeper of the Muniments and Library, Westminster Abbey. 111 Illustrations. (Pitkin Pictorials, Ltd.; 17s. 6d.)

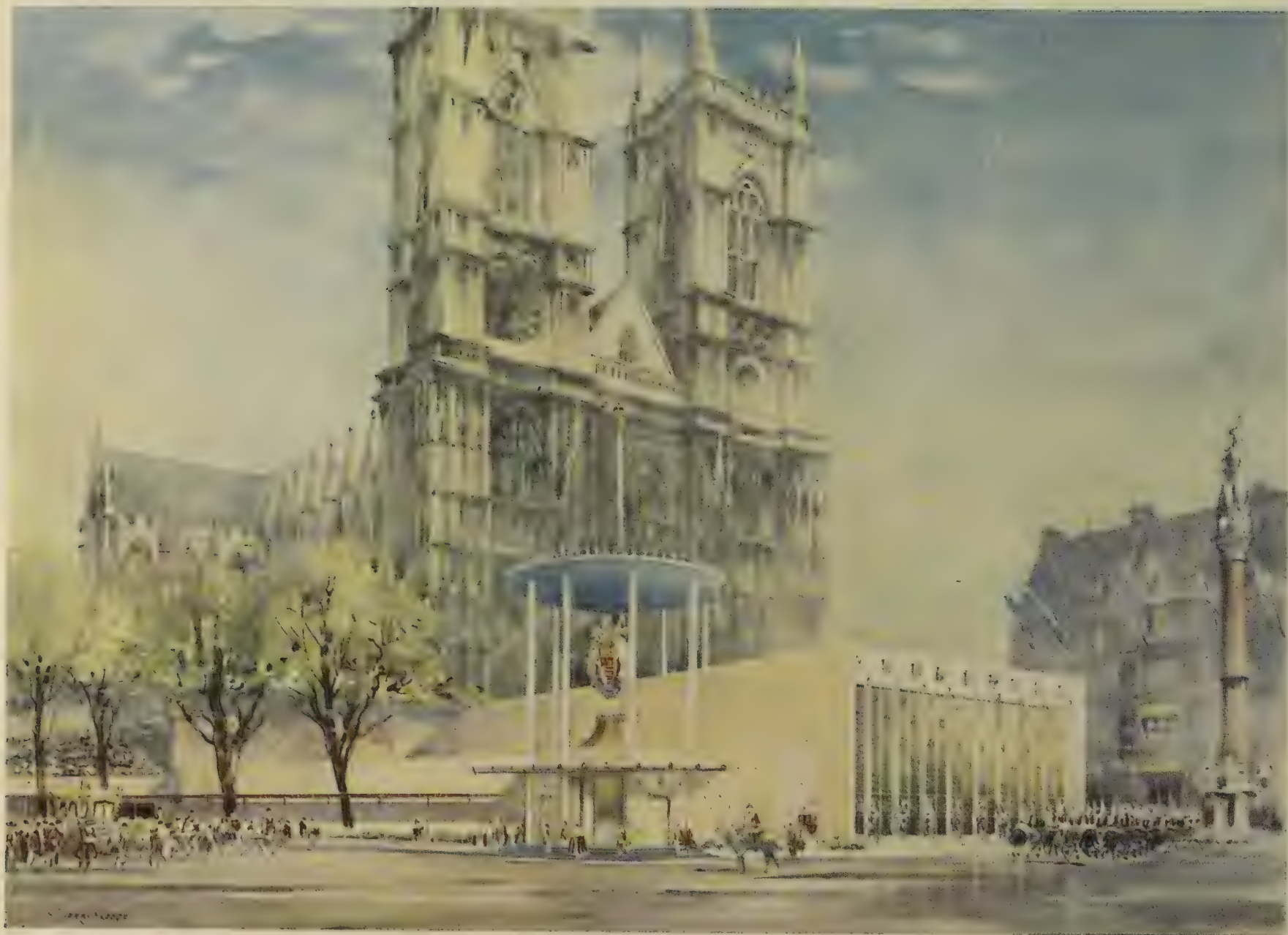


PRINCESS MARGARET'S CHOICE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AND THE CORONATION YEAR COLOURS WHICH SHE HAS SPONSORED.

Colours for spring and summer of Coronation Year, 1953, have been graciously sponsored by her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, only sister of her Majesty the Queen, for the British Colour Council, of which she is patron. The shades she has selected are gay, fresh and young, as befits the occasion; and are already making a strong appeal to women, specially in Paris and New York. By permission of the British Colour Council we are able to reproduce these royally sponsored shades, which are *Marguerite Green*, a soft tint suitable

for a variety of materials, and also for furnishing fabrics; *Spun Gold*, a pure clear yellow which will appear on many summer materials; *Princess Grey*, a delicate, elusive tint which Princess Margaret has chosen for leather gloves, shoes, handbags and accessories; *Beau Blue*, a clear and lively young fashion colour, designed for fabrics in summer weights of wool, silk and rayon, linen and cotton; and finally, *Elizabethan Red*, a deep full shade suitable for dress fabrics and accessories in almost every kind of material.

Inset Photograph by Cecil Beaton.



THE CORONATION ANNEXE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE ROYAL ENTRANCE AND THE GREAT HALL, IN WHICH THE CORONATION PROCESSION WILL BE MARSHALLED, NOW IN CONSTRUCTION AND SHOWN AS THEY WILL APPEAR AGAINST THE WEST FRONT OF THE ABBEY ON CORONATION DAY.

BEFORE the Coronation of King William IV., it was customary for the Sovereign to hold court in Westminster Hall before the Coronation ceremony and for the great procession to be marshalled therein. For the Coronation of William IV. a wooden vestibule, painted to resemble stone and fitted with stained-glass windows, was built against the west front of the Abbey. This was found to be inadequate, especially as rain fell during the ceremony; and for all subsequent Coronations ample annexes have been built, all in a more or less Gothic style to harmonise with the background of the Abbey. The annexe for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II., of the exterior of which we give an impression here, breaks away from this tradition. It has been designed by Mr. Eric Bedford, the Chief Architect of the Ministry of Works, in a modernistic style, reminiscent of many of the buildings of the Festival of Britain. The surfaces are plain and the outlines are rectilinear; and it merges without break into a large stand, which can be seen on the extreme left. It relies for its relief on colour, as, for example, on the underside of the roof of the turret incorporating the Royal Entrance. It is lit on the Victoria Street side by a huge glass wall and it is against this front that the ten "Queen's Beasts," heraldic animals holding shields and with "expressions of ferocious loyalty on their aristocratic faces," are to stand. The canopy, which at the last Coronation superseded the *porte-cochère* at the Royal entrance, will in June be made of a transparent material — a feature which, incidentally, will be a great help to the photographers recording the Queen's descent from the State coach. The cost of the annexe is estimated at £50,000, and it will be made of tubular steel, with walls of timber and building-board painted on the outside. On the walls of the annexe will appear the arms and emblems of the Commonwealth nations and countries, modelled by Mr. James Woodward, R.A. (the designer of the "Queen's Beasts"), and painted in the bright colours of heraldry; and the great window is being engraved with emblems suitable to the Coronation. The turret above the Royal entrance, with its suspended Royal Arms, carries the flagstaff from which will fly the Royal Standard while the Queen is in the Abbey.

From the watercolour by C. Terry Pledge, M.B.E., A.R.I.B.A. Ministry of Works, Crown Copyright Reserved.



ON BOARD THE YUGOSLAV TRAINING-SHIP *GALEB*, IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED FROM SPLIT TO GREENWICH: MARSHAL TITO (CENTRE; IN UNIFORM).



THE HEAD OF THE YUGOSLAV STATE AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: MARSHAL TITO WITH MR. CHURCHILL, WHO HAD MET HIM AT WESTMINSTER PIER.

MARSHAL TITO'S FIVE-DAY VISIT TO BRITAIN: ON BOARD THE *GALEB* AND AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

Marshal Tito, President of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia and head of the Government, left for Britain from Split, in the Yugoslav training-ship *Galeb*, on March 7. The Royal Navy provided an escort for the Marshal from Malta onwards, the destroyers *Chevron* and *Chieftain* carrying out this duty as far as the Straits of Gibraltar, where they were relieved by the 2300-ton destroyers *Barrosa* and *Gabbard*. As the *Galeb* neared British waters, the escort was increased by the arrival of the destroyer *Zephyr* and the anti-submarine frigate *Orwell*. On March 11, as *Galeb* approached Gibraltar, she met the aircraft-carriers *Eagle*, *Indomitable* and *Theseus*, and a group of sixty aircraft took off from the carriers and staged a fly-past, while the carriers fired a twenty-one-gun salute. On March 15, *Galeb*, which

had been met south of Plymouth by two four-engined *Sunderlands* of Coastal Command, anchored in the Nore, and on the following day proceeded up the Thames, escorted by four naval patrol-boats to the higher reaches, where Marshal Tito transferred to a Port of London Authority launch, *Nore*, in which he concluded the passage to London. The *Galeb* then entered Shadwell Basin, where she was to remain until March 20. After his reception at Westminster Pier, Marshal Tito drove with the Prime Minister to No. 10, Downing Street, making the journey in a bullet-proof car and with armed guards. He laid a wreath on the Cenotaph and later Mr. Churchill called on him at the Yugoslav Embassy. The Queen arranged to receive the Marshal during his stay.



ON THE WAY UP-RIVER TO WESTMINSTER PIER: THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY'S LAUNCH NORE, WITH MARSHAL TITO ABOARD, AFTER PASSING BENEATH BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, WITH H.M.S. *PRESIDENT* AND *CHRYSANTHEMUM* DRESSED OVERALL (LEFT): BRIDGES ON THE ROUTE WERE CLOSED TO TRAFFIC.



AT WESTMINSTER PIER: MARSHAL TITO WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, AND THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, MR. ANTHONY EDEN; SHOWING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR IN THE BACKGROUND.

LONDON'S WELCOME TO MARSHAL TITO: THE YUGOSLAV PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL BY P.L.A. LAUNCH ON MARCH 16.

On March 16 fog delayed the *Galeb* for over three hours off Southend and she was unable to leave her anchorage until after noon. She then moved up-river, escorted by patrol-boats of the Royal Navy, and moored off Greenwich, where Marshal Tito embarked in the Port of London Authority's launch *Nore* for the final stage of the journey to Westminster Pier. As the launch passed up-river bridges were closed to traffic and cleared of sightseers, but crowds lined the Embankment and assembled at vantage-points along the route.

The R.N.V.R. training-ships H.M.S. *President* and *Chrysanthemum*, moored near Blackfriars Bridge, were dressed overall for the occasion, one which will be remembered for the exceptional security measures taken to prevent any untoward incident. A guard of honour and band of the Royal Navy from the *Nore* Command was mounted at Westminster Pier, where Marshal Tito was received by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary.



MARSHAL TITO, THE FIRST COMMUNIST HEAD OF STATE TO VISIT THIS COUNTRY, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET'S UNIFORM—AS THEY WERE INSPECTING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR, AFTER MARSHAL TITO HAD ARRIVED UP-RIVER TO WESTMINSTER PIER.



MARSHAL TITO, AFTER HIS RECEPTION AT WESTMINSTER PIER AND VISIT TO DOWNING ST., WENT TO THE CENOTAPH, IN WHITEHALL, WHERE HE LAID A WREATH.



MARSHAL TITO SALUTES THE MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S DEAD OF TWO WARS, AFTER LAYING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH IN THE AFTERNOON OF HIS ARRIVAL.

MARSHAL TITO IN LONDON: HIS ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER PIER; AND HIS HONOURING OF BRITAIN'S WAR DEAD.

On the afternoon of March 16, in bright sunshine following earlier fog in the Estuary, Marshal Tito sailed up the Thames in the Port of London Authority's launch *Nore*, on the occasion of his first visit to Great Britain. Thousands of Londoners lined the Embankment to witness this first visit of a Communist Head of State. The Marshal stepped ashore at Westminster Pier and was there welcomed to London by the Duke of Edinburgh in the uniform of an

Admiral of the Fleet, by Mr. Churchill and by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden. Marshal Tito read a speech of greeting in English. At the pier a guard of honour was mounted by the Royal Navy and this guard was inspected by Marshal Tito and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. After this inspection Marshal Tito drove in a bullet-proof car with Mr. Churchill to Downing Street and, a little later, laid a wreath at the Cenotaph.

TURKEY, Greece and Yugoslavia concluded a tripartite treaty on February 28. The two former were already linked in alliance and member States of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. The new treaty contains ten clauses, which are summarised below. It is to remain valid for five years, after which it may be denounced at one year's notice. (1) The Foreign Ministers of the three States will meet once a year. (2) The contracting parties will continue their efforts for peace and will examine jointly problems of defence, including measures to meet an unprovoked attack. (3) The General Staffs will continue to co-operate in submitting to the Governments proposals for joint defence. (4) The contracting parties will develop economic and cultural relations and eventually sign specific agreements concerning them. (5) They will solve peacefully differences which may arise and will not interfere in each other's affairs. (6) No signatory will participate in alliances or in action directed against another party to the treaty. (7) They state that no other international agreement is opposed to the present treaty and they will not enter into any such agreement. (8) The treaty does not affect the rights or the obligations of Turkey and Greece deriving from the North Atlantic Treaty. (9) Any other State the co-operation of which may be judged useful by the signatories may join on the same terms and have equal treaty rights. (10) The ratification will be deposited in Belgrade.

The relations between Turkey and Greece have for some time been friendly, whereas those between Yugoslavia and Greece have become so only recently. Yet, taking a long view, it can be said that Turkey and Greece have been hereditary foes, Yugoslavia (and the smaller State from which it has grown, known as Serbia) and Greece, hereditary friends. One notable feature of the last century has been that Balkan unrest and enmities, while in part proceeding from internal causes, have been aggravated by Russian manoeuvres and intrigue, whether instigated by Tsar or Commissar. It is fashionable in some quarters to say that the first was as bad as the second, but this is not fair. Tsarist Russia does appear to have felt genuine sympathy with Slav aspirations for liberation from the last vestiges of Turkish rule. Yet this sympathy was a double-edged blade. The other edge was represented by aggressive pan-Slav expansion and the attempt to create what we call today "satellite" States. Even there the policy was mild in comparison with that which we are now witnessing.

Within twenty years of the Congress of Berlin, said to have brought "peace with honour" after the big Russo-Turkish War of 1877, two more Balkan wars took place. Serbia attacked Bulgaria and was heavily defeated in 1885; Greece was routed by Turkey in 1897. In 1912 Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece, never reconciled to the settlement made by the Congress, and sick of listening to appeals for patience over Macedonia from the Great Powers, formed an alliance against Turkey. They were completely victorious, but the background of the war showed clearly that the links between them were of unequal strength. Serbia and Greece co-operated fully and frankly; Bulgaria unblushingly played for her own hand. The result was that the First Balkan War was followed almost immediately by the Second, in which Serbia and Greece fought Bulgaria; Rumania intervened to grab the Southern Dobruja; and Turkey seized this opportunity to take up arms again and recover some of her losses.

Some at least of the seeds of the First World War were sown in those two wars in the Balkans. In that war, Serbian and Greek forces fought on the same side, Turkey and Bulgaria on the other. Immediately afterwards Turkey and Greece fought a prolonged and fierce war in Asia Minor. In the Second World War Turkey did not become a belligerent, and both Yugoslavia and Greece were overrun by Germany. All through the period relations between Serbia or Yugoslavia and Greece were amicable, and there was never a serious clash of interests. There was but slight rivalry between them over Macedonia, before the First Balkan War, whereas Bulgarian ambitions in that territory caused anxiety to both. Moreover,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TRIPARTITE BALKAN TREATY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

apart from the territorial designs of Bulgaria, the methods used to further them created hostility. Up to 1912 no political agitation could be carried out in Macedonia, because the Turks rigorously forbade it. Rival propagandists were thrown back upon ecclesiastical and linguistic campaigns. The Bulgarian Church had repudiated the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople and been declared schismatic by him in 1872, whereas Orthodox Serbia continued to owe him allegiance. The Bulgarian Exarch induced the Porte to concede Bulgarian bishoprics to Macedonian towns as far afield as Monastir and Ohrida, and Bulgarian schools were multiplied. Bulgarian policy was literally to make Bulgarians.

These few lines on a great and complex subject are intended only to support the view that Greece and Yugoslavia have long been natural allies, especially as neither of them had any complaint to make against the other over the settlement after the First World War. The breach between them was due to the revolution effected by Marshal Tito during the Second. Common interests healed it, though not at once, after Tito had been ejected from the Cominform and had declared himself independent of Russian dictation. Where Greece and Turkey were concerned good relations began not long after their war, a start being given by the exchange of populations. A year has

has the characteristics which make for strife: first, in its strategic situation; secondly, in its mixed population of Italians (who predominate), Slavs and Austro-Germans; thirdly, in a hinterland wherein the racial proportions differ from those within the boundaries of the city itself. The problem is therefore bedevilled by the tricks of nationalist statisticians, always prepared to trace lines

within which the population will show a majority for the race which they desire to establish as the largest. Endless efforts have been made to reach a settlement, the most fashionable schemes having been founded upon the conception of Trieste as a free city, but none has been successful. In the early days after the war it was Soviet Russia who refused to be persuaded into favouring them. Yet, since Marshal Tito has parted company with the Soviets, he has been no less opposed either to a settlement in favour of Italy or to any form of compromise.

Otherwise, though Tito may well feel that he has grievances against Italy, these are no more serious than those of Greece, who has agreed to forget hers in the interests of unity in defence of freedom. It appears to me that the arrangements may work if they are handled with good will and common sense. Another factor which can not be avoided in discussing this question is Tito's treatment of the Roman Catholic Church and, indeed, of Christianity in general. If consistency be a virtue in such matters, he has assuredly been virtuous here. In many respects he has turned his back upon the principles which governed him when he was within the Iron Curtain and in the eyes of the world on good terms with Russia; but he has never relaxed his severity towards the Church. This may be a matter of internal policy, but it is one which

can not be divorced from international affairs. In several countries, notably in the United States, which is all-important, he might find the hostility of the Churches, and most of all of the Roman Catholic, very harmful to his country both materially and morally.

The forces of the three new partners are considerable in numbers. Those of Turkey and Greece are of high spirit, and the relatively few witnesses who can speak with authority about those of Yugoslavia say the same of them. They are not furnished with the best arms and equipment, at all events in large quantities, but matters are improving for them in this respect. By comparison with the strength of Russia and of her satellites, theirs is not great. Yet the union in the cause of self-defence of these three States makes a substantial addition to its power in the

Eastern Mediterranean. For example, the greatest weakness of Greece, the narrowness of Western Thrace, where a Bulgarian attack might reach the sea in a few hours, is remedied by the alliance. Whatever else may happen, it seems certain that the danger—secondary, but great enough—of a local war on the pattern of Korea has been brought to an end. It is inconceivable that Bulgaria should dare to engage in such a venture in present circumstances.

If the treaty is in that case a sure precaution, to describe it as such in the event of a major war would be too optimistic. The ability of Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia to defend themselves would then largely depend upon the force directed against them and the aid which the greater Powers, and in particular the United States, could afford them. Yet in a major war this alliance would help to fill a previously existing gap. It would be pleasant to be able to forecast that other States in the neighbourhood might join it, and it will be noted that Clause 9 makes provision for such an event. Unfortunately, this possibility occurred some time ago to the Russian Government, and has resulted in the stringent measures which we have recently witnessed: sharp tightening of control and purges to get rid of any comrades who were either not subservient enough to Russia or merely incompetent. There seems hardly a chance of any other State getting out of the cage. The alert was given by Tito's independence, and in any case the other satellites are within easier reach of the Russian arm. This, however, does not lessen the value of the treaty which has just been signed.



A MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TRIPARTITE TREATY CONCLUDED BY TURKEY, GREECE AND YUGOSLAVIA ON FEBRUARY 28, AND DISCUSSED BY CAPTAIN FALLS ON THIS PAGE. THE MAP SHOWS THE BOUNDARIES OF THE THREE COUNTRIES AND THOSE OF RUSSIA AND HER SATELLITE COUNTRIES AS FAR AS THEY MARCH WITH THEM; AND ALSO TRIESTE, WHOSE STATUS STILL REMAINS A PROBLEM AND A BONE OF CONTENTION.

been required, none the less, to bring about the tripartite treaty which has now been signed. Now the three Balkan countries outside the Iron Curtain are joined in an alliance.

The ups and downs of Greek politics have brought it about that the man who, as Commander-in-Chief of his country's forces, first envisaged an alliance of this kind now finds himself responsible for it as Prime Minister. Field Marshal Papagos at once expressed his pleasure at the signature of the treaty which his Foreign Minister, M. Stephanopoulos, had so skilfully and patiently handled. This is, however, a treaty of a peculiar sort, and the statements in clauses 7 and 8 do not of themselves suffice to unravel its complexities. These are, it need scarcely be said, concerned with the North Atlantic Treaty. The first of them is largely a question of command and responsibility. It may entail some difficulties, but on the face of it is less serious than the other. This is the relations of the contracting parties with Italy. Greece, Turkey and Italy are members of N.A.T.O. Yugoslavia is not. There seems to be no prospect that she will enter this alliance in the near future. Hardly a sign of better relations between her and Italy has appeared. Thus the association of two of the new partners with Italy differs markedly from those of the third.

We can not assume with certainty that Yugoslavia would seek entrance into N.A.T.O. in any case, but it is clear that the question of Trieste renders it virtually impossible for her to do so at present. Trieste has been a bone of contention since the Second World War, as Danzig was before it. The famous old port

THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL STALIN: RUSSIAN LEADERS IN RED SQUARE.



SOVIET LEADERS WATCHING BESIDE THE BODY OF MARSHAL STALIN IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS, BEFORE THE PROCESSION TO THE MAUSOLEUM BEGAN. ON THE LEFT (L. TO R.): MR. MOLOTOV, MARSHAL VOROSHILOV, MR. BERIA AND MR. MALENKOV; AND, ON THE RIGHT, MARSHAL BULGANIN, MR. KRUSCHEV, MR. KAGANOVITCH AND MR. MIKOYAN.



PART OF THE DENSE CROWD WHICH PACKED RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, DURING THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF MARSHAL STALIN, ADMIRING THE PILES OF WREATHS LAID AGAINST THE WALL OF THE KREMLIN.



THE BEGINNING OF THE PROCESSION: RUSSIAN LEADERS CARRYING THE COFFIN OUT TO THE GUN-CARRIAGE. THE BEARERS ON THE LEFT (L. TO R.) ARE: MR. SHVERNIK, MR. KAGANOVITCH, MARSHAL BULGANIN, MR. MOLOTOV, LIEUT.-GENERAL VASSILY STALIN, MR. MALENKOV; AND, ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, MR. BERIA.



THE GUN-CARRIAGE CARRYING THE BODY OF MARSHAL STALIN CROSSING RED SQUARE, FOLLOWED BY A GREAT THRONG OF OFFICIAL MOURNERS. THE FOUR IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE COFFIN CAN BE IDENTIFIED AS (L. TO R.) MARSHAL BULGANIN, MR. KAGANOVITCH (STALIN'S BROTHER-IN-LAW), LIEUT.-GENERAL VASSILY STALIN (THE MARSHAL'S SON) AND MR. MALENKOV, THE NEW PREMIER. THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY GENERALS CARRYING MARSHAL STALIN'S MEDALS.

Forty nations were represented when, on March 9, the body of Marshal Stalin was borne in solemn procession through the crowded and mourning streets of Moscow from the Hall of Columns, where he had lain in state, to the Mausoleum in Red Square, where the coffin was laid to rest beside that of Lenin. The coffin was borne by Russian leaders to a gun-carriage drawn by six black horses and preceded by a solitary horseman. This cortège was followed by the leaders of Russia and Marshal Stalin's son and daughter. Behind them came Marshal

Budenny, leading fourteen generals carrying the late dictator's medals. Outside the Mausoleum the coffin was placed on a draped pedestal, and Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Beria and Mr. Molotov delivered funeral orations in that order. Mr. Malenkov's principal theme was world peace, Mr. Beria's made frequent reference to Russia's enemies, and Mr. Molotov's was remarkable for its evidence of personal emotion. The same leaders then bore the coffin into the Mausoleum, there followed a thirty-gun salute, a silence of five minutes, and then Chopin's Funeral March.

VICTIMS OF BRUTAL ATTACKS BY RUSSIAN MIG FIGHTERS OVER GERMANY: A U.S. JET AND AN R.A.F. BOMBER.



VICTIM OF A "BRUTAL ACT OF AGGRESSION": A DEAD MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE R.A.F. LINCOLN BOMBER BEING CARRIED INTO A LAUENBURG HOSPITAL.



AFTER THE R.A.F. LINCOLN BOMBER WAS SHOT DOWN BY RUSSIAN MIG FIGHTERS: GERMAN CIVILIANS LOOKING AT STAINED AND BURNED REMAINS OF PARACHUTES AND MAPS.



THE TYPE OF AIRCRAFT SHOT DOWN BY A MIG 15, OF RUSSIAN DESIGN, OVER GERMANY: A U.S. AIR FORCE THUNDERJET.



INDICATING ON A LARGE MAP OF GERMANY THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS ATTACKED AND SHOT DOWN BY A MIG 15: LIEUT. WARREN G. BROWN, PILOT OF THE U.S. THUNDERJET.



THE TYPE OF AIRCRAFT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT ACTS OF AGGRESSION IN GERMANY: A RUSSIAN-BUILT MIG 15.



AT THE SPOT WHERE THE U.S. THUNDERJET WAS SHOT DOWN INSIDE THE U.S. ZONE OF GERMANY: A U.S. HELICOPTER ARRIVING ON THE SCENE.

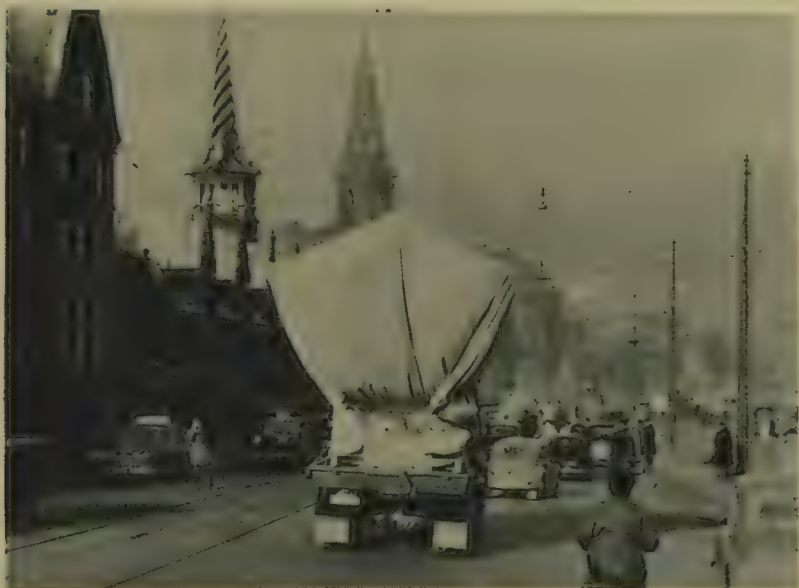


POLICE AND OTHER OFFICIALS EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF THE U.S. THUNDERJET. THE PILOT BALED OUT.

On March 10 a *Thunderjet* of the U.S. Air Force in Germany was shot down by *MIG 15* jet fighters of Russian design coming from Czechoslovakia. The attack took place fifteen miles inside the American Zone. The U.S. aircraft was on patrol with a second *Thunderjet* when two *MIG*'s opened fire. The pilot, Lieut. Warren G. Brown, escaped by parachute, landing near Falkenstein, about twenty miles from the Czech frontier. His aircraft crashed in the same area. The other *Thunderjet* returned to base. Following on this "grave incident," an R.A.F. *Lincoln* bomber on a routine training flight from

Yorkshire was shot down by *MIG* fighters near the border of the British and Russian zones of Germany on March 12. Six members of the crew were killed and the seventh died later in hospital. The attack occurred in the international Hamburg-Berlin air corridor. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the British High Commissioner in Germany, sent the Russians a Note on March 13 saying that he protested in the strongest terms against this deliberate and brutal act of aggression involving the murder of British airmen. On March 12 threatening mock attacks were made on two other British aircraft.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A MISCELLANY FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



TRAVELLING THROUGH COPENHAGEN SHROUDED TO ENSURE SECRECY: THE RUSSIAN-BUILT MIG JET FIGHTER WHICH WAS LANDED ON BORNHOLM ISLAND. The Russian-built MIG jet fighter which a Polish pilot landed on Bornholm on March 5 was taken through Copenhagen heavily shrouded to ensure secrecy. It was expected that its examination by experts would be finished this week; and that it would be returned to Poland.



"HIGH PADDINGTON"—A SCHEME BY WHICH 8000 COULD BE HOUSED IN CONSTRUCTIONS ON A CONCRETE PLATFORM ABOVE RAILWAY GOODS YARDS: A MODEL OF THE PROJECT. Mr. Kadleigh recently addressed the Royal Society of Arts on the project devised by him and Mr. P. Horsbrugh to house 8000 above Paddington Goods Yard, in buildings on a concrete platform, as though it were a hill town, complete with all economic and social requirements. A model was displayed.



BERLIN MEETS LONDON IN AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH UNDER FLOODLIGHTS AT Highbury: A SCENE IN THE COURSE OF THE GAME, WHICH LONDON WON BY 6-1. The first representative German Association Football team to visit this country since the war met a London side at Highbury on March 11 and played on a floodlit field. London won by 6-1. The match was watched by 55,705 people, who paid £10,445.



AFTER LAU CHENG, A TERRORIST COMMANDER, HAD BEEN KILLED: SIX TERRORISTS, INCLUDING FIVE WOMEN, WHO SURRENDERED TO THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY. Men of the 1st Bn. The Somerset Light Infantry found a terrorist camp in a swamp in the Kuala Langat forest reserve. They killed a terrorist leader, Lau Cheng, and another rebel; and six, including five women, then surrendered to them. The camp was apparently of recent construction.



SHOWING THE GAY PATTERN IN WHICH THE WALLS ARE CONSTRUCTED: A MALAYAN NATIVE DWELLING IN THE MIDST OF THE JUNGLE, WITH ITS OWNER ON THE STEPS. Malayan villages threatened by terrorists have had to be evacuated and the inhabitants moved to safer districts. Our photograph shows a typical Malayan native dwelling constructed on stilts. This particular house has just been erected and its patterned walls are in brilliant condition.

HOLDER OF THE HIGHEST RANKS IN THE THREE SERVICES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN NAVAL, MILITARY AND AIR FORCE UNIFORM.



IN MILITARY UNIFORM AS FIELD MARSHAL, HIGHEST RANK IN THE ARMY: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T., CONSORT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

It was announced last January that the Queen had approved the promotion of the Duke of Edinburgh, who formerly held the naval rank of Commander, to that of Admiral of the Fleet, and to his appointment as Field Marshal and Marshal of the Royal Air Force, to date January 16, 1953. His Royal Highness thus assumes the ranks in the three Services which were held by King George VI. and King Edward VIII. His new naval rank means the end of a full-time active naval career. His appointment



IN AIR FORCE UNIFORM AS MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F., HIGHEST RANK IN THE AIR FORCE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THIRD MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO HOLD THIS RANK

as Marshal of the R.A.F. makes him the third member of the Royal family to hold this rank, which was introduced in January 1927. King George V. did not hold rank in the R.A.F., but assumed the title of Chief of the Royal Air Force. The Duke of Edinburgh, who passed into the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, aged eighteen, went to sea as a midshipman in 1940, and served with distinction in the war (despatches, Greek Military Cross 1939-45, Atlantic, Africa, Italy and Burma (with

Pacific clasp) stars and War Medal 1939-45). He served in shore establishments after the war, and later with the Mediterranean Fleet. He was appointed Commander last year, and was considered one of the most able naval officers of his age. His Royal Highness holds a number of foreign orders and decorations, including the French Croix de Guerre with Palm and the Greek War Cross. He was due to leave for a visit to British Service stations in Germany on March 17, and to undertake an



IN NAVAL UNIFORM AS ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO BEFORE HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE HIGHEST ROYAL NAVAL RANK HELD THAT OF COMMANDER, R.N.

itinerary planned to carry him hundreds of miles, most of it by helicopter, visiting Bückeburg, Wunstorf, Kelle, Bad Eilsen, Bad Oenhausen, Gütersloh, Sundern and Krefeld. He was due to return to England to-day, Saturday, March 21. His Royal Highness has for three months been on an R.A.F. flying course for his pilot's wings; and made his first solo flight in a *Harvard* aircraft in February. He had graduated to this type of aircraft per a *Chipmunk*, in which he flew solo in December.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. C. TREWIN

In future Mr. J. C. Trewin's reviews of stage productions will appear as a weekly feature.

THE pillars of Imperial Rome were a dull, lowering red; the sky behind the city was smouldering and sullen. There was faction-clamour while two brothers strove for the "empire," and then, down the central steps, came the procession from the wars: a coffin, shackled prisoners, a captive Queen, soldiers in triumph, and the general himself: "Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!"

I had waited many years for those words. Now they sounded from the stage of the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, spoken by an anonymous member of the Marlowe Society in a revival of the least-acted Shakespearean play, the early and "most lamentable Romaine tragedy of Titus Andronicus."

Collectors had arrived at Cambridge like explorers in quest of the Abominable Snowman. As Shakespeare says in a rather better play, expectation tickled skittish spirits. How would the ensanguined melo-drama come through? Would the audience laugh from the first, and go on laughing?

It was half-way through the evening before there was any vigorous mirth—at the hand-chopping scene—and then it was

not sustained. You cannot laugh long at "Titus," for all its absurdities. It has a harsh power. It seizes you by the throat and shakes you. And it was right for a young cast to act it. The play needs energy, uncompromising assault-and-battery. Merely to toy with "Titus" is to shatter illusion. The Marlowe Society made no attempt to toy. The anonymous actor of Saturninus, attacking the part like a furious, deadly wasp, set the note. Some of the secondary characters were less strongly established; but Saturninus and the firmly-declaring silver-bearded Titus himself fixed the mind at once. Tamora, the Queen of Goths (and, at the end, a cannibal queen), needs a Siddons; still, the young Cambridge actress, "much dishevelled, and of an agitated aspect," as a critic wrote on another occasion, was able at least to drive home the lines: "I'll find a way to massacre them all; and raze their faction and their family."

We then awaited the massacre, the huddle of terrors that the late-Elizabethans—with their pleasure in bear-baiting—enjoyed so much. Beside "Titus," Kyd's "The Spanish Tragedy"—which I saw at Edinburgh University two years ago—is almost mild. There are the crudest physical horrors; but the Marlowe Society overcame them by putting a gallant front on it all and passing from dagger-work to mutilation, execution and the final baking of the dead villains in a pie (baking off-stage, I am glad to say) without showing any trace of nerves. "Titus" does contain lines of genuine and exciting poetry; and the whole affair (though we can mock at its botched scenes) was clearly put together by a man who knew his theatrical business.

Some lines were cut from an unexpectedly full version. I missed "like aspen leaves, upon a lute" in Marcus's discovery of the mutilated Lavinia. Anyway,

at that stage, the long speech full of classical conceits is impossible: Lavinia needed a surgeon. I noticed, on the other hand, how the cast got through line after line that I would have thought impossible in the theatre: such as Demetrius's "I'll broach this tadpole on my rapier's point," and Lucius's amiable remark to Aaron: "Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst convey this growing image of thy fiend-like face?"

Aaron needed more experience than the actor could

bring to him. Although he is one of the most redoubtable blood-and-thunder villains on record, with a list of crimes that reminds me vaguely of Robin Oakapple's effort to please the ghosts of Ruddigore, he has one flash of humanity, the defence of his black child, with which an actor can do much (as we have been told that George Hayes did in the Old Vic revival of 1923). The young Cambridge player was competent, no more. Still, throughout, if some of the actors lacked the weight for their parts, there were very few inadequate performances. The production had immense vitality.

Collectors noticed the odd parallels with, of all plays, "A Midsummer Night's Dream": the hunting scene, in a more dismal wood, with a former Queen of

the Amazons. Later we get even a mention of Pyramus ("So pale the moon did shine on Pyramus when he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood"). But it is not a parallel to pursue, as Mr. M. R. Ridley has warned us.

All told, it was an evening of excitement, one in which production methods appeared to owe something, now and then, to the Vic "Tamburlaine." They work hard in the Marlowe Society. The curtain rose at about ten minutes past seven, and

at ten minutes to eleven we were still in the theatre, though now at the end of "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," Greene's fantastic comedy, which served as an after-piece to a two-hour "Titus" (the tragedy was played without interval) and certainly helped to soothe a shaken audience.

"Friar Bacon" is the most cheerful romantic non-sense, by the Robert Greene of the "tyger's heart" attack on Shakespeare. It is also a rare bird in the theatre. (I might almost imitate Mr. Davis and call this a Page for Collectors.) Greene's romantic verse, the magical triumphs of Friar

Bacon (with his "perspective glass" that seems to be early television), and a clatter of clowning, all came through in a lively romp. It endeared itself to the audience, especially when the Emperor of Germany observed in an alarming accent that "these Oxford schools are richly seated near the riverside." Margaret, lass of Fressingfield, is a heroine indeed; the comedy was like April and May after the heated airs of "Titus." I shall remember Bacon, acted elsewhere with a nice smugness, as he spoke his last lines with feeling:

Apollo's heliotropon
then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth
shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her
gillyflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall
'bash her brightest
green;
Ceres' carnation, in
consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder
at Diana's rose.

A few days before the Cambridge première I had been in Oxford, full—as the Emperor observed—of "scholars seemly in their grave attire, learned in searching principles of art." This spring the O.U.D.S. chose "Richard the Third." In recollection it appears strangely quiet, thunder muted, blood thinned. John

Wood, fighting the aftermath of influenza, knew all about Richard, though he found it hard to express his knowledge theatrically. This Richard (with an uncommon vocal range) was usually on the edge of coming alive but never quite left the text. The "bottled spider" struggled, and Mr. Wood should be thanked for his struggle. Elsewhere, except in such a part as Richmond—Harvey Hallsmith threw it out with the right sunrise challenge—there was a good deal

of tentative under-speaking. "Richard," produced by Mr. Wood and David Thompson, needed the kind of attack the Marlowe Society brought to "Titus." I recall some good things. This was the first time I had known a Lady Anne permitted to overhear the Red King's instruction to Catesby: "Rumour it abroad that Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die."

Collectors' eyes have glistened at Nottingham, where John Harrison has restored "The Boy David" to the stage at the Playhouse. Barrie's last work was a commercial failure. Since he is now out of fashion, anyway, the Nottingham choice was bold. (The Birmingham Repertory is also doing

the piece.) Revival shows that life remains in "The Boy David." It needs intimacy, a straight approach. Its framework is not strong enough to carry spectacular

draperies. Treated simply, not as a representation of the Old Testament but as Barrie's highly-personal comment on the boyhood of David, the play can be affecting. Daphne Slater's refusal to sentimentalise or prettify David assured the success of a production that gave hope for Barrie's return. It would be a good exercise to rewrite this piece in the vein of "Titus"; already I can picture the blood, the rattling thunder, the rants of Saul. I should be surprised indeed if the Boy David survived to be David the Man.



"THE MOST CHEERFUL ROMANTIC NONSENSE . . . ALSO A RARE BIRD IN THE THEATRE": "FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY"—A SCENE FROM THE REVIVAL BY THE MARLOWE SOCIETY AT THE ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING FRIAR BACON (LEFT) AND FRIAR BUNGAY (RIGHT) IN ROBERT GREENE'S ROMANCE.



"THE LEAST-ACTED SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY": "TITUS ANDRONICUS"—A SCENE FROM ACT I. OF THE REVIVAL BY THE MARLOWE SOCIETY AT THE ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING LAVINIA AND BASSIANUS. THE MEMBERS OF THE MARLOWE SOCIETY ACT ANONYMOUSLY.



"IN RECOLLECTION IT APPEARS STRANGELY QUIET, THUNDER MUTED, BLOOD THINNED": THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "RICHARD THE THIRD" AT OXFORD, SHOWING VERA LEA AS THE DUCHESS OF YORK (MOTHER TO EDWARD IV.); MARY SAVIDGE AS QUEEN MARGARET (WIDOW OF HENRY VI.) AND CATHERINE DOVE AS QUEEN ELIZABETH (EDWARD'S WIFE).



"DAPHNE SLATER'S REFUSAL TO SENTIMENTALISE OR PRETTIFY DAVID ASSURED THE SUCCESS OF A PRODUCTION THAT GAVE HOPE FOR BARRIE'S RETURN": "THE BOY DAVID" AT THE NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE, SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH DAVID (DAPHNE SLATER) IS VISITED BY THE PROPHET SAMUEL (GRAHAM CROWDEN), WHO REVEALS TO HIM THAT HE HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY GOD TO LEAD ISRAEL.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

VARIETY (Palladium).—Governed by the rolling eye of Max Miller. (March 2.)
"THE BOY DAVID" (Nottingham Playhouse).—Daphne Slater's sincerity as David, and John Harrison's tactful handling of the play, restored a little-known Barrie. (March 2-14.)
"THE SHADOW" (Covent Garden).—John Cranko's new romantic ballet. (March 3.)
"RICHARD THE THIRD" (O.U.D.S.).—The University amateurs move a little diffidently on the road to Bosworth. (March 3-7.)
"THREE CHEERS" (Casino).—Elaborate "produced" Variety. Six cheers for the Wiere Brothers, happy zanies, with their accompanist, "little Miss Seymour," to beam upon them. (March 7.)
"TITUS ANDRONICUS" and "FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY" (Arts, Cambridge).—The Marlowe Society offers two remarkable restorations in one night: the blood-bath of "Titus" and the go-as-you-please romance of Greene. (March 9-14.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DRESSED IN MONKEY SKINS BY MR. ODEDE: MR. PRITT, Q.C., BEING FÊTED BY THE KENYA AFRICAN UNION. Mr. Pritt, Q.C., leading defence counsel for Jomo Kenyatta, completed his final submissions on March 3. Before leaving Kenya he was fêted by the Kenya African Union. The then acting President, Mr. Odede, Member of the Legislative Council, was on March 9 arrested on information that he had been in touch with Mau Mau.



BEATING THE UNIVERSITY MATCH RECORD BY A SINGLE SECOND: J. J. BURNET (EDINBURGH ACADEMY AND CAIUS, CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE THREE MILES IN 14 MINS. 24.4 SECS.



AFTER BEING DECORATED BY THE QUEEN: MR. JOHN BAMFORD, THE YOUNGEST HOLDER OF THE GEORGE CROSS. The first person decorated by the Queen when the fifth Investiture this year was held at Buckingham Palace on March 10 was John Bamford, who, at just sixteen, is the youngest holder of the George Cross. He rescued two of his younger brothers from certain death when fire broke out in their Nottinghamshire home.



BEATING HIS OWN RECORD IN BRILLIANT STYLE: C. J. CHATAWAY WINNING THE MILE RACE. In winning the mile race at the White City on March 14, C. J. Chataway, the Oxford president, not only broke his own records, but his time of 4 mins. 8.4 secs. has been eclipsed only four times by an English athlete—S. C. Wooderson beat it three times and Bannister once.



THE DEATH OF THE COMMUNIST PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK REPUBLIC: MR. KLEMENT GOTTWALD, WHO SUCCEEDED DR. BENES IN 1948. Mr. Klement Gottwald, Communist President of the Czechoslovak Republic, died on March 14, aged fifty-six. He died after a short illness presumably contracted while attending Mr. Stalin's funeral in Moscow. Klement Gottwald, one of the founders of the Czech Communist Party, became Prime Minister in 1946, under the Presidency of Dr. Benes, whom he supplanted in February 1948.

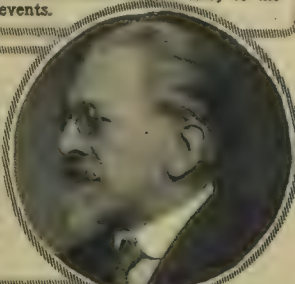


WINNING THE 440 YARDS: A. DICK (OXFORD), WHO ACHIEVED THE FEAT OF WINNING THREE EVENTS. Oxford gained their sixth successive victory in the 79th inter-University sports at the White City on March 14. A. Dick, of Oxford, the Olympic quarter-miler, achieved a great feat by becoming the first runner in the history of the sports to win three track events.



SEVENTH EARL OF LONSDALE. Has succeeded to the family honours on the death of his grandfather, the sixth Earl of Lonsdale, who died on March 11, aged eighty-five. The new Earl, who was born in 1922, married in 1945 Tuppina Cecily, daughter of the late Captain C. H. Bennett.

DR. C. SAROLEA. Died on March 11, aged eighty-two. For many years he was Professor of French in the University of Edinburgh. For thirty-seven years he was Belgian Consul in Edinburgh. An indefatigable author and journalist, he was an able writer in more than half-a-dozen languages.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE: MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK (CENTRE) WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER. On March 9 Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Nationalist Generalissimo, had tea with President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House. In his State of the Union message on February 2, President Eisenhower told Congress of his decision to end the neutralisation of Formosa.



IN THEIR HOTEL IN SWITZERLAND: EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN OF EGYPT WITH HER MOTHER. Ex-Queen Narriman of Egypt left Rome by air on March 12 for Switzerland, accompanied by her mother. She stated at a Press conference in Geneva on March 14 that she had decided on separation from ex-King Farouk some time ago, and that neither her mother, Mrs. Sadek, nor the Egyptian authorities had played any part in her decision.



AT SOUTHAMPTON IN THE LINER QUEEN ELIZABETH: THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE DUKE OF WINDSOR. The Princess Royal and the Duke of Windsor arrived at Southampton from New York on March 11 on their way to visit their mother, Queen Mary, who is ill. The Princess Royal curtailed her West Indian tour to come home. She flew to New York, where she was met by the Duke of Windsor.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOME MING DYNASTY PORCELAIN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

continually building up a considerable literature about both these subjects. As regards the porcelain, modern research has endeavoured to distinguish between pieces bearing the mark of, say, the Emperor Hsuan Tê (1426-1435) and actually made in his reign, and those

WHEN I have the opportunity of looking at, and most emphatically gloating over, porcelain of the sort illustrated on this page, I find it necessary to sit back and deliberately think myself out of the usual Western view of the world—and my thoughts run in this fashion. Three hundred years, I say to myself, is a fairly long period in any civilisation, even in a civilisation as ancient as that of China. The Ming Emperors reigned for nearly three centuries, to be exact between the years 1368 and 1644. They had been almost a century on the throne when the Turks captured Constantinople in 1453, and a little more than a century when Columbus discovered America in 1492. When the dynasty began Chaucer was a young man of twenty-eight; when it ended Charles I. was involved in the Civil War; disaster overwhelmed both an English and a Chinese royal house in the same decade. But while during this lengthy period these and other exciting events were happening in Europe, and the medieval world was changing beyond recognition, to the Chinese all this was unknown, and, had it been heard of, would have been regarded as no more than the record of the unimportant antics of curious barbarians. The whole vast country was already in process of ossification, secure in its memories, proud of its achievements. Had Europeans boasted to the Chinese that Gutenberg set up his printing press in 1445, the answer would have been that in China the art of printing had been familiar since the end of the sixth century; had the English pointed out that paper was made in these islands as early as 1490, the Chinese would have smiled blandly and said that they had made paper in 105. As for porcelain, the West had none and did not discover the secret until the eighteenth century. All this, and more, comes to my mind to enable me to see things in focus.

There is, in addition to these high matters, something else of no importance but which also serves to mark the difference between the stage reached by this extraordinary Eastern culture and our own during these years. There was already in China a race of earnest scholars, commentators about and collectors of works of art who were making far more mistakes and falling into more traps than we do to-day, though not perhaps more than we did half-a-century ago, or their contemporaries in Renaissance Italy. Modern research seems to show that they were rather a gullible lot, as, no doubt, would our own people have been in the reign of Elizabeth I. had they taken any interest at all in such things, for, though to be sure we had many virtues then, a passion for works of art or even for works of craft can scarcely be said to have been noticeable. It was not until the very end of the period that we can claim to have produced anyone who can be said to have been a great collector—one was the Earl of Arundel, the other King Charles himself. The Chinese, on the other hand, had collected paintings and porcelain for centuries, and were

the forthcoming appearance in the auction room on March 24 of a portion of a very well-known collection of Ming porcelain, the property of Mrs. Alfred Clark, items from which have been seen in various exhibitions during many years; one or two have been illustrated on this page in the past. Among eighty-three items I pick a few at random, not necessarily because they are more imposing than others, but because I think the majority of people not familiar with Chinese porcelain history would assume that they were made much nearer our own day; for example, we do not readily associate such a bottle as that in Fig. 1 with the time of the Armada, of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, for not even Italian Maiolica can come any way near this in colour or subtlety of design, still less in material. Yet it belongs to the reign of Wan Li (1573-1619), and—rather oddly, perhaps, for this is entirely fortuitous—there is in the richness of the decoration, which is in five colours, something, or so it seems to me, not dissimilar in kind from the intricate patterns popular among the Elizabethans for textiles. Certainly it is vastly different in spirit from those elegant vases covered in delicate single-colour glazes which were the special glory of the previous dynasty, the Sung. The variety of the decoration is surprising—flowering tree-peonies and other plants, insects and frogs, cranes, ducks and other birds—the colours partly blue under the glaze, partly over-glaze enamels. Less imposing, perhaps, because less complicated, but typical of a great deal of Ming sixteenth-century work, and to some tastes more satisfying because there is a sort of monumental grandeur about them, is the piece of Fig. 4. A circular bowl of this period which is not here illustrated has a dark aubergine ground, while the broad band of lotus flowers and leaves is in green, yellow and turquoise. The interior is turquoise. The hexagonal flower-pot of Fig. 4 is decorated with a lotus and other aquatic plants on a turquoise ground. The drawing is simple enough, even brutal,

but, if you can imagine the combination of this design with the glowing masses of colour, it is not difficult to realise how impressive such pieces are—there is a masculine solidity about them.

I have room, I think, for two more illustrations—here they are, and again I'm turning the catalogue pages at random, Figs. 2 and 3. Unpretentious, maybe, but rare enough, and from early in the dynasty, and both decorated with beautifully balanced designs in under-glaze copper-red—an extremely difficult technique which has been the subject of much speculation by Chinese writers in the past, and of scientific research by both Chinese and Europeans in modern times.

There is a space of about 200 years between these two pieces and the highly-elaborated "Elizabethan" bottle of Fig. 1. Which you prefer is a matter of personal taste—apart from that they show one thing clearly—that if politically China was ossified, aesthetically Chinese potters were very much alive, experimenting with new ideas, and always on the alert. Whether their extraordinary command of technique in the sixteenth century compensated for a certain extravagance of design and a love of complicated pattern is another matter which everyone can judge for himself.



FIG. 1. SUPERBLY DECORATED WITH CRANES, DUCKS AND OTHER AQUATIC BIRDS AND PLANTS, INSECTS AND FROGS: A LARGE PEAR-SHAPED BOTTLE, WAN LI (1573-1619) MARK AND PERIOD. 22 ins. high.

This fine pear-shaped bottle with slender neck and a bulb below the lip was shown at the Chinese Art Exhibition in London in 1935-36. It was made in the reign of Wan Li, who was a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth I., and is decorated in five colours and in under-glaze blue.

bearing his mark but made during the long reign of Chia Ching (1522-1566), when fifteenth-century pieces were freely copied. Hence the frequent occurrence in auction and exhibition catalogues of such a phrase as "Hsuan Tê mark and period," meaning the piece is actually, in the opinion of the compiler, what it sets out to be, whereas the omission of "and period" leaves the matter in doubt. But I don't know that the minutiae of criticism would be in place here. What has set me thinking on this subject is



FIG. 2. COVERED WITH A BLUISH-WHITE GLAZE AND PAINTED IN UNDER-GLAZE COPPER-RED WITH CHRYSANTHEMUM SCROLLS AND STYLISED FLOWER SPRAYS: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BOTTLE. 9½ ins. high.

This rare early bottle, made some time during the fourteenth century, when the Ming Dynasty was ruling in China, is painted with stylised flowers in under-glaze copper-red.



FIG. 3. COVERED WITH A SCROLLING GOURD-VINE DESIGN IN UNDER-GLAZE COPPER-RED: A DOUBLE GOURD VASE, MING DYNASTY, PROBABLY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. 7½ ins. high.

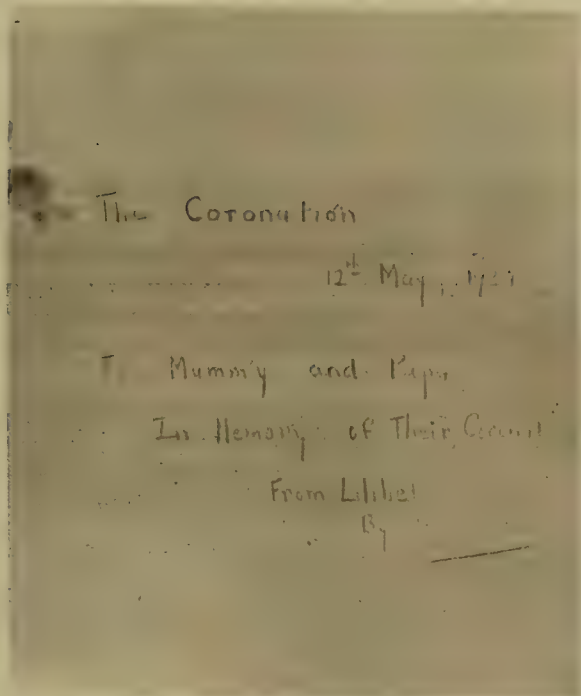
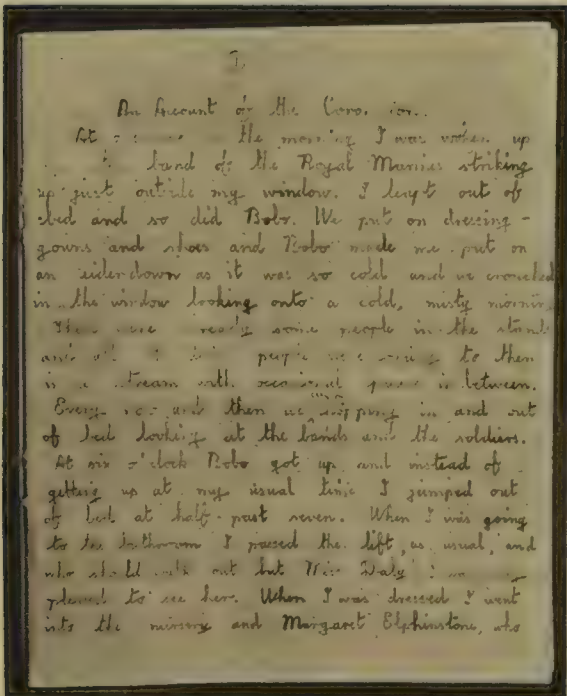
This attractive double gourd vase is probably fifteenth century. The Ming Dynasty, under whose rule it was made, lasted from 1368 until 1644.



FIG. 4. DECORATED ON A TURQUOISE GROUND WITH A LOTUS AND AQUATIC PLANTS IN THREE COLOURS ON THE EXTERIOR: A HEXAGONAL STONWARE FLOWER-POT, SIXTEENTH CENTURY. 8½ ins.

This stoneware flower-pot was formerly in the Eumorfopoulos collection. It is decorated on the exterior on a turquoise ground with a lotus and aquatic plants in three colours. The interior is plain. Illustrations by Courtesy of Sotheby's.

CORONATION ITEMS, A ROYAL OCCASION AND OTHER NEWS EVENTS.



A DESCRIPTION OF THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE VI. BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH—AGED ELEVEN: THE FIRST PAGE.

Queen Elizabeth II., then eleven years old, was present in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of her father, the late King George VI., on May 12, 1937, and afterwards wrote an account of the ceremony for her parents, using red pencil and a penny copy-book. This account is still preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. The "Bobo" mentioned on the first page was her nursemaid. Princess Elizabeth's opening sentences may be compared with the description in Queen Victoria's Journal of her Coronation Day: "I was awoke at four o'clock by the guns in the Park. . . . Got up at 7 feeling strong and well, the Park presented a curious spectacle; crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, &c. . . ."

THE TITLE-PAGE OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION IN 1937, WITH A DEDICATION TO HER PARENTS.

EXAMINING THE BLUE SILK WARP TISSUE FOR USE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: MR. DAVID ECCLES (LEFT).

On March 13 Mr. David Eccles, Minister of Works, visited Messrs. Warner's mills at Braintree, Essex, to see the weaving of fabrics to be used at the Coronation. He is seen in our photograph examining a length of blue silk warp tissue for the frontals to the balconies and for curtains in the Abbey.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY BEQUEST: "A VIEW IN AMSTERDAM," BY HOBBEEMA (1638-1709)—A PAINTING ALMOST UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC.

What is perhaps the only certain surviving example of a townscape by Hobbema has been acquired by the National Gallery by bequest from the late Miss Beatrice Mildmay. "A View in Amsterdam" was last shown at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition in 1876, and was then in the collection of H. B. Mildmay. It was sold in 1893, but again came into the possession of the Mildmay family in 1923. The view is that of the Haarlem Sluice and the Herring-Packers' Tower.



TO BE FORMALLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC TO-DAY, MARCH 21, BY SIR LEIGH ASHTON: FENTON HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD, WHICH WAS BEQUEATHED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST.

Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, arranged to formally open Fenton House, Hampstead, to-day (March 21). The house was bequeathed to the National Trust by the late Lady Binning and contains important collections of English and Continental porcelain. The house will be open to the public on week-days (except Tuesdays), Sundays and Bank Holidays.



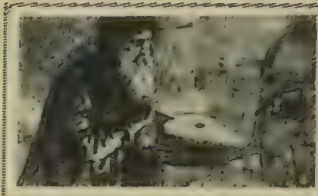
THE QUEEN AT SANDOWN FOR THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING: HER MAJESTY ACCOMPANIED BY SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD. The Queen went to Sandown on March 14 with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and saw F. Winter, riding *Air Wedding* in the Open Handicap Chase, achieve his 100th win of the National Hunt season. He was presented to her Majesty, who congratulated him and wished him luck on his bid to establish a new record.



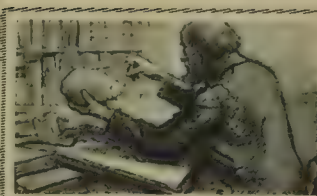
A 14-YEAR-OLD CADET, JOHN FISHER, RECEIVING FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAMSON AN AWARD FOR GALLANTRY. On March 14 Brig-General R. E. S. Williamson, of the U.S. Embassy, presented the U.S. 8th A.A.F. Cup for gallantry to John Fisher, a fourteen-year-old boy of Oving, Chichester, who saved his father, a farmer, from a maddened bull, and attended to his injuries. The cup is an annual award for gallantry by ambulance or nursing cadets.



HOME FROM THE UNITED STATES: MR. AND MRS. EDEN LEAVING THEIR AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MARCH 14. Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Eden, arrived home from the United States by air on March 14. He had been engaged with Mr. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in conversations with members of the new U.S. Administration on foreign policy and economic problems. Mr. Butler arrived home on March 15.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LESSON OF THE HAWFINCHES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IF seeing is believing, then I ought, at least until a short while ago, to have looked upon the hawfinch as a fictitious bird, like the phoenix or the roc; or, perhaps, it did once exist, but is now extinct, like the dodo. I know there are plenty of drawings of the bird, that there are even photographs, that there are many people who claim to have seen it, and that any time I care to call in at a museum with a natural history gallery I can see a stuffed hawfinch in one of the cases. But is this necessarily evidence? I have seen drawings of hedgehogs carrying away apples on their spines, and photographs, too. I have even met people who are prepared on oath to say they have seen this. And as for the evidence afforded by a stuffed bird in a museum case, I can only point out that there is a remarkably fine and convincing dodo in such a case, but it is a fake—well, a reconstruction, anyway. For me, then, the reality of the hawfinch was no greater than the hedgehog's apple trick, until recently.

It is nearly thirty years ago that I first started to put a pencilled tick opposite the name, in my copy of Coward's "British Birds," of each bird I saw and identified. As the years passed the ticks grew more numerous, until I had seen the majority of birds on the British list, but the name of the hawfinch remained unadorned. I have always been on the look-out for the bird. If someone told me he had seen it in such-and-such a place, I would go and haunt the spot in the hope of seeing it. The bird-books, tantalisingly, say it is a common bird, increasing in numbers, even that it may sometimes be seen in flocks of sixty or seventy in winter. Further, it is said to be a frequent visitor to gardens in the suburbs of large towns.

Some months ago I moved into another house, and a few weeks ago saw my first hawfinch, in the garden. In fact, they are two-a-penny there. That explains the hundreds of shells of hornbeam seeds, neatly split in two, lying on the ground, and the neatly split cherry-stones under the cherry tree. I ought to have expected this when my predecessor told me he could never grow peas, because the birds took them all. None of our birds cracks pea-pods, in the manner he described, except the hawfinch, which splits them in its powerful beak, just as it does cherry-stones, hornbeam seeds and others, turning them in the beak so that when crushed they split along the seam.

If it will induce the hawfinches to stay with me, I will plant special rows of peas for them, and cover up those for my own use. And they can have some

of the cherries, too, although it is a pity we cannot come to some agreement, since the hawfinch eats only the kernels of the cherry-stones, rejecting the pulp. The probability is, however, that I shall see little of their activities when the fruit and vegetable season is on and the trees heavy with foliage, for hawfinches are traditionally shy and secretive, which explains doubtless why I have so often tried to see them and failed.

It is this reputation for shyness which gives point to the observations I have been able to make on them

during the season of bare trees. In this period they have persistently searched the ground under the hornbeam, which stands in the corner of the garden bounded by a hedge and, beyond the hedge, the main



SHOWING ITS CHIEF DISTINGUISHING MARK—THE VERY HEAVY AND POWERFUL BEAK USED FOR CRACKING CHERRY-STONES AND OTHER HARD SEEDS: THE HAWFINCH, WHICH LOOKS LIKE AN OVERGROWN CHAFFINCH ALTHOUGH MORE STOCKY OF BODY AND WITH A SHORTER TAIL.

The plumage of the cock hawfinch has much the same pattern of warm chestnut, red, and brown as the chaffinch, with slate-grey on the head and white patches on the wings. The hen, like the hen chaffinch, is more olive-green and grey. The chief distinguishing mark of the hawfinch is the heavy and powerful beak.



TRADITIONALLY DESCRIBED AS SHY AND SECRETIVE BUT READY TO SHOW FIGHT TO BIRDS LARGER THAN ITSELF: THE HAWFINCH, HERE SEEN ABOUT TO ATTACK A MISTLE-THRUSH.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

road. I was interested to see the birds' reaction to the noise of traffic, for the hedge, like the trees, was bare of foliage and vehicles on the road can be readily seen and heard through it. To the hawfinches no car or motor-bicycle, noisy or silent, made any difference at all. But let one human being walk past the hedge, slowly and silently, and the hawfinches would immediately fly off. Always, there was this spectacular contrast in behaviour.

It has long been a question in my mind, how far mechanical noises, so disturbing to the ear of many

human beings, had an adverse effect on animals. For birds, at all events, the answer seems, generally speaking, that there is none. The behaviour of the hawfinches inevitably must recall, on the other hand, the recorded tameness of animals in the untrodden wild. One explorer after another has commented

upon the tameness of birds in territories not yet opened up. And among four-footed animals we have the striking example of the Antarctic wolf, of the Falklands. When the first white men landed there this wild dog, misnamed "wolf," came up to them wagging its tail. It was clubbed to death. It became extinct in a few years, as Darwin prophesied it would. Lions, we are told, are fearless of a car, until the vehicle stops and disgorges a man. I have watched roe deer from a car, feeding undisturbed, at a few yards' range. When I left the car, on the offside, moving very gently and carefully for a camera shot, they quickly made off. Everything tends to suggest that animals have grown to associate man with danger, and considering his record of massacre it is hardly surprising.

It has been established by direct observation for many species of birds and mammals, and is doubtless true for all, that individuals in every brood or litter vary in their tameness or their timidity. Clearly, however, fear of man is not innate; or else we are hard put to explain the tameness of animals in the untrodden wild. If, then, wild animals have learned to fear man, it can only be from a general appreciation of danger.

On the other hand, if it is a fear of the man with the gun, then it must be of recent growth. In all cases, it must have become intensified only since mankind became so thick on the ground. This all amounts to saying that the greatest likelihood is that animals' fear of man is not inherent but learned.

It could be argued that the wildness of wild animals is due to a selection, in which the tamer individuals more readily fell victims and the more timid lived to perpetuate the timidity in their offspring. Against this we have the readiness with which most species will become more or less tame, according to circumstances. So we are left with the question: Do animals pass their fears on to their young, either deliberately or by their example?

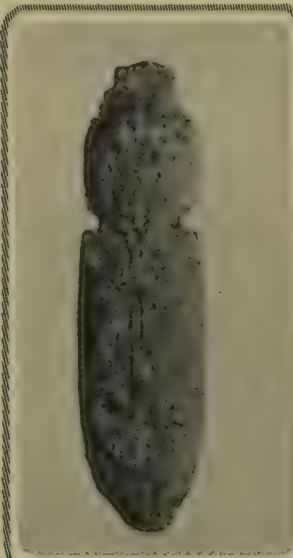
Perhaps hawfinches furnish a test-case. A bird that eats peas and cherries is bound to have been persistently scared off, if it was not badly shot up in the last few centuries. Its shyness and secretiveness may be no more than a natural reaction to this, and

the hawfinches in my garden suggest that it is. To pose the question once again: Do animals deliberately teach their young a fear of human beings? It is a difficult question to answer, one way or the other, but I have seen two examples, of a young robin and a young blackbird, which were unusually tame, allowing us to go up to them and showing no fear, at first. On each occasion, the parents were later seen chivvy-ing the young one back into the bushes when it tried to come towards us, in what seemed deliberate teaching to avoid the company of human beings.

PRESERVED IN THREE-DIMENSIONAL FORM: FOSSIL INSECTS OF 25,000,000 B.C.

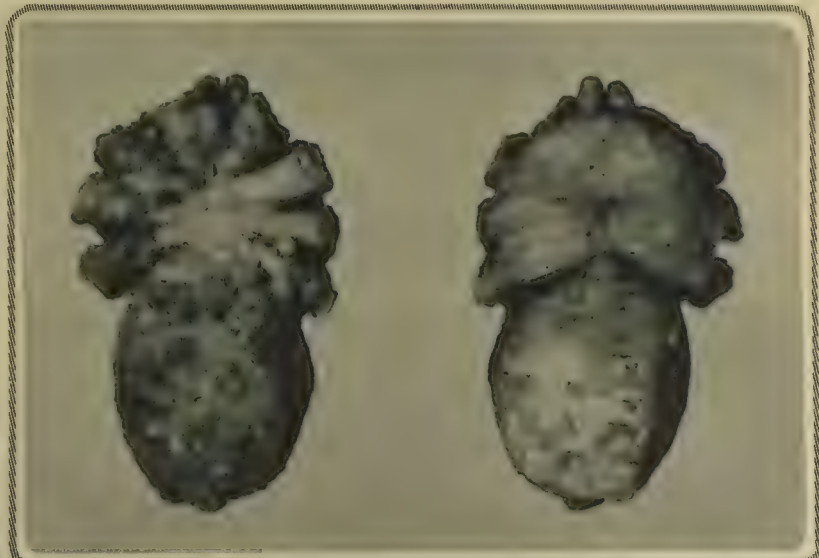


FIG. 1. "A BEAUTIFULLY PRESERVED FOSSIL BEETLE": THE FIRST OF THIS REMARKABLE SERIES TO BE DISCOVERED BY DR. LEAKEY ON MWAFANGANO ISLAND.



CONCERNING these insects (and other invertebrates) so astonishingly preserved in the round by fossilisation, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, writes: "Some few years ago in *The Illustrated London News* I reported the discovery of numerous fossilised fruits and seeds in a very unusual state of preservation and illustrated a few

(LEFT.) FIG. 2. ANOTHER BEETLE, FULLY PRESERVED "IN THE ROUND" BY FOSSILISATION. FOSSILISED INSECTS ARE USUALLY CRUSHED.



FIGS. 3 AND 4. DORSAL AND VENTRAL VIEWS OF A PEDIPALPID (A RELATION OF THE SPIDERS) FOUND FOSSILISED ON MWAFANGANO ISLAND, LAKE VICTORIA.

Continued.] of them. These fruits and seeds had been found in the same fossil beds that had given us the famous *Proconsul* skull in October, 1948, and gave us a picture of the probable food of this early ancestor of the stock which eventually gave rise to man and the great apes. On Boxing Day, 1951, a little over a year ago, while my wife and I were searching for further examples of fossil fruits and seeds on Mwafangano Island, I very unexpectedly picked up a beautifully preserved fossil beetle, which had been washed out of a bank of red Miocene Clay by recent heavy rain (Fig. 1). The discovery of this fossil insect at this site came as a complete surprise to us—not because fossil insects are a rarity, but because of the way in which it was preserved. In the vast majority of cases where fossil insects have been found in other parts of the world—and they occur in deposits of many different ages in many countries—they are found in a crushed and distorted condition, flattened between layers of rock.

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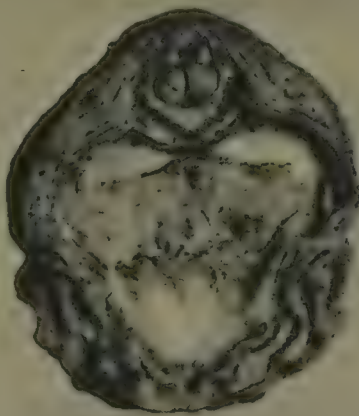


FIG. 5 AND (BELOW) FIG. 7. UNDER (ENLARGED) AND UPPER SIDES OF A TICK, SO BRILLIANTLY PRESERVED BY FOSSILISATION THAT THE DETAILS OF THE MOUTH ARE MOST CLEARLY VISIBLE, AFTER 25,000,000 YEARS.

Continued.] Such fossil insects can never be taken out intact from the rock, and have to be examined on the flat slab of rock in which they are embedded. Our beetle was preserved 'in the round' and could be handled without risk of damage and examined from all sides. It was a beetle in stone, completely replaced by mineral and free from the rock in which its preservation had taken place. Naturally, this discovery made us start an intensive search for other specimens, and within an hour I found a most beautifully preserved caterpillar (Fig. 6) about 15 yards away. The preservation of this caterpillar was even more surprising—a veritable miracle in stone—for it was quite perfect, with every wrinkle of its skin preserved and seeming almost to be alive. Yet, like the beetle, it was solid stone. The hunt was up! Clearly there had existed a set of conditions in this part of Kenya, in Miocene times, when *Proconsul* roamed, which were most unusual and which had led to the

[Continued: below, centre.



FIG. 6. "A VERITABLE MIRACLE IN STONE": A CATERPILLAR WITH EVERY WRINKLE OF ITS SKIN PRESERVED IN DETAIL BY FOSSILISATION.



FIG. 8. A MOMENT OF LOWER MIOCENE TIME—25,000,000 YEARS AGO—PRESERVED FOR ETERNITY: A FOSSILISED CATERPILLAR.

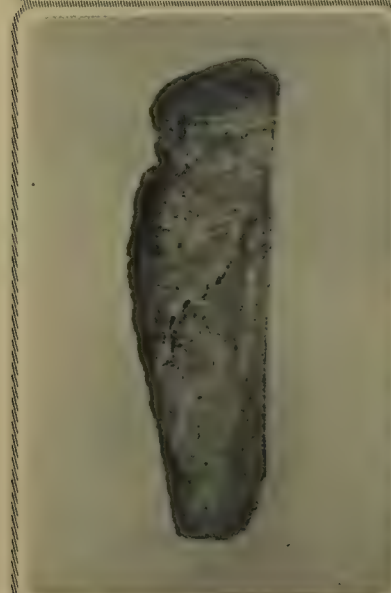


FIG. 9. A FOSSILISED GRASSHOPPER—SEEN FROM THE SIDE. SOMEWHAT SMALLER THAN THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 10.

Continued.] fossilisation of even the most soft and delicate of insects in an uncrushed state. Since that day we have recovered nearly 400 fossil insects, and a few of these are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. In addition to true insects there are other allied invertebrates such as ticks (Figs. 5 and 7) and spiders (Figs. 3 and 4), and even a worm. Naturally, not all the specimens are in such perfect preservation as those I am illustrating, but the discovery should lead us to very interesting data as to the climatic conditions which existed when *Proconsul* roamed the land. By Miocene times, some 25,000,000 years ago, insect life was not very different from what it is to-day; the main evolution of insects had taken place much earlier and this was a time when mammals were at one of the most explosive phases of their evolution, with all sorts of new species just beginning to appear. Associated with *Proconsul*, as readers will remember, we already had found a very rich mammalian fauna—extinct animals ranging from mice to ancestral elephants. Now, with the discovery in the same beds of such a wealth of insect and other invertebrate life, as well as the thousands of fossil fruits and seeds, we may hope to have one of the most complete pictures of the life and conditions during the Lower Miocene Period (25,000,000 years ago) that has ever been obtained, and this, of course, is of the highest importance, because the fauna of the time included *Proconsul* and the other East African Miocene apes that have so completely revolutionised our ideas as to the evolution of the stock from which apes and man are derived."

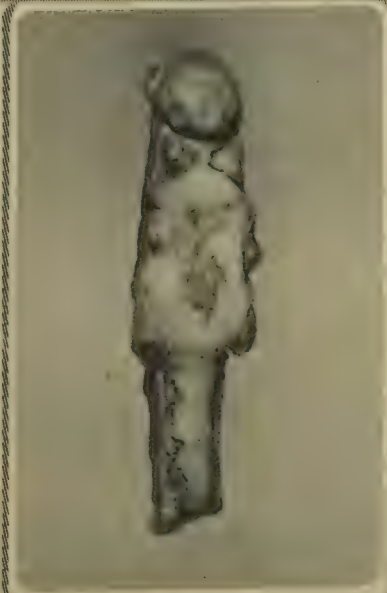


FIG. 10. ANOTHER FOSSILISED GRASSHOPPER (SEEN FROM BELOW). NOTE THE WELL-PRESERVED EYE.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ON the evidence of a chaffinch in song, and some celandines flowering in the orchard grass, I announced last week that spring had arrived. That, in technical terms,

MORE SPRING. By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and ocean-to-ocean travel in U.S.A. It is largely a woodland garden, in which the dogwoods—a marvel of beauty in spring—and other native trees spring from carpets of native bulbs and dwarf flowering plants, the Virginia cowslip, *Mertensia virginica*, Trilliums, etc., and there are thousands of alien bulbs, Narcissus, Lycoris, Colchicum, English bluebells, hardy cyclamen, etc., naturalised in wide, lavish plantings.

in his woods, and he sent me seeds of the Virginia cowslip, which now flower on a small scale in my own garden and on a larger scale in the "Savill" garden at Windsor Great Park.

I contributed a thousand young plants, which I am told have settled in and now make a really effective show in the woodland. A specimen from there went to the R.H.S. Hall and gained an Award of Merit.

I have looked up *Hyacinthus orientalis* in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," and find, as I had suspected, that it is the ancestor, or one of the ancestors, of the big cultivated hyacinths which, in pots or in bowls of fibre, are such a colourful, fragrant stand-by at this time of year. It is also, as I had always suspected, the type plant of the white Roman hyacinth, which usually makes an early appearance—forced—around Christmas-time. The Roman hyacinth is *Hyacinthus orientalis albidus*. The type species, *H. orientalis*, is exactly like the well-known Roman, except that its flowers are a most attractive lavender-blue. They are very near the colour of the big florists' hyacinth called "Pearl Brilliant." The white Roman variety probably first occurred as a wild albino among the normal blue, just as white bluebells occur here and there in our woods. But why the white Roman took charge and got itself grown and propagated as a universal favourite whilst the lovely lavender-blue type remained a rare plant in cultivation I can not imagine. Of *Hyacinthus orientalis* the R.H.S. "Dictionary" says: "The wild form is a very graceful plant, perhaps not now in cultivation." Its natural habitat is given as "Italy eastwards to Mesopotamia." But it is still in cultivation, not only in my garden, but in the gardens of a few of my friends, to whom, from time to time, I have given bulbs. I should think, too, that it is very probably growing in that mine of rare, interesting and beautiful plants, Mr. E. A. Bowles' garden. It is perhaps a little unfair to write of this charming hyacinth when I do not know for certain any nursery from which it can be obtained. The most likely source of supply would perhaps be one of the Dutch bulb specialists. My own guess would be the firm of Van Tubergen.

Hyacinthus orientalis has lived, flowered regularly, and increased slowly in my garden for some twenty years. Increase by that means—offsets—and at that rate, would be too slow to satisfy a commercial grower. But the folk who raise hyacinth bulbs by the thousand, for sale, have special methods of mutilating the bases of the bulbs in such a way as to stimulate the formation of numerous tiny bulbs, which are then removed and grown on to monster flowering size. How pleasant it would be if some enterprising bulb raiser would tackle the blue-flowered type of *Hyacinthus orientalis* and give us blue Roman hyacinths as a change from the familiar white ones. I have never thought of buying ordinary white Roman hyacinths to grow in the open border, as I grow the blue ones. Next autumn I must try the experiment—if I don't forget.



might be called "sticking my neck out," and so, accordingly, the day after I had written it, the climate, the weather, had a bash—wrapped us in fog, mantled us with heavy hoar-frosts, and pierced us with hideous cold. But the chaffinches, the celandines, and I were not impressed. Few things in the garden were. We knew that it was spring, in spite of anything the calendar and the climate might have to say about it. Nor had much damage been done. The hepaticas and some clumps of chionoscillas looked badly shaken, but, to misquote W.E.H., their heads were bowed but unbloody. At the first return of warm sunshine they stood up again, as fresh as daisies. The chionoscillas, hybrids between "Glory of the Snow," *Chionodoxa luciliae*, and a scilla, species unknown to me, were given to me many years ago from a private garden. There are two varieties, one a light periwinkle blue, and the other a deeper, richer blue. Whether they ever had distinguishing names I do not know. They never set any seeds, and have increased but slowly, more slowly than I could wish, by means of offset bulblets. The hepaticas have given me a hint which seems to me to be worth exploiting. A year or two ago I planted a small colony of the rare hybrid *Anemone* (or *Hepatica*) *x media ballardii* close to a bush of *Daphne mezereum*. I did not put them there with any idea of colour scheme, but merely because it seemed to be a congenial place for them, sheltered from early morning sun by a low stone wall. But it has proved a most happy association. The *mezereum* is an exceptionally fine variety, so deep and rich in colour as to be almost crimson. It originated from a single berry from a friend's garden, eight or ten years ago, and for the first five or six years it lived and lingered in a rather small pot, until it came at last to my Cotswold garden. Here, planted out in a soil full of limestone rubble, it has grown into a shapely, bushy specimen close on 3 ft. high and smothered from top to toe with its handsome, intensely fragrant flowers. Last spring it was thickly strung with scarlet berries, and I had hopes of raising a host of seedlings, but the birds—or was it mice?—got in first, and cleared the crop to the last berry at a single guzzle, and within a matter of a few early morning hours. This year I shall net the bush. Blue hepaticas make a truly beautiful carpet or ground cover under *Daphne mezereum*.

A bulb which is pushing up fast and with great promise at the front of a sunny, mixed-flower border is *Hyacinthus orientalis*. There is a scattered colony of several dozen of this rare plant, showing fat shoots an inch or two high. Bright lettuce-green, highly polished leaves. It came to me twenty-odd years ago, from Mr. Carl Krippendorf's garden near Cincinnati. That was the most interesting and the most beautiful garden that I saw during a six-months' stay



2640
Hyacinthus orientalis

"THE TYPE SPECIES, *HYACINTHUS ORIENTALIS*, IS EXACTLY LIKE THE WELL-KNOWN ROMAN [HYACINTH], EXCEPT THAT ITS FLOWERS ARE A MOST ATTRACTIVE LAVENDER-BLUE."

Carl Krippendorf and I have corresponded and swapped plants and seeds ever since my brief visit to that garden of his. I sent him—among other things—seeds of English bluebells, which are now established

lived, flowered regularly, and increased slowly in my garden for some twenty years. Increase by that means—offsets—and at that rate, would be too slow to satisfy a commercial grower. But the folk

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30 AT NO EXTRA COST.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).



TAKING UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA THIS SPRING:
FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., WITH LADY SLIM.

Field Marshal Sir William Slim, who retired from the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff last October, was due to leave this country on February 24 for Australia to take up his great office of Governor-General. His departure was temporarily postponed at the request of her Majesty's Government in order that he might be available for discussions with Egypt on the Canal Zone. When his appointment was announced in September 1952, the Australian Press expressed general satisfaction. The Melbourne "Sun News Pictorial"

wrote: "His high prestige, distinguished career as a soldier and proved talents as a civil administrator render Sir William eminently fitted for the position." Sir William Slim, who joined the Army in World War I. as a Territorial lance-corporal, has had a most distinguished military career. He will, perhaps, be best remembered for his splendid achievements in command of the Fourteenth Army in Burma and his defeat of the Japanese there. He was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1948.



WITH A TRAIN OF THREE-AND-A-HALF YARDS: THE RED VELVET ROBE OF A MARCHIONESS, MINIVER TRIMMED, WORN OVER A GOLD-EMBROIDERED WHITE DRESS, AND CORONET.



THE APPROVED ALTERNATIVE DESIGN FOR A BARONESS'S ROBE, BY NORMAN HARTNELL: THE VELVET ROBE IS SLEEVELESS AND HAS A CAPE COLLAR OF MINIVER.



FULL DRESS ROBES OF A KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: THE CLOAK, OF BLUE VELVET, HAS A HOOD OF RED, AND THE GARTER HAS GOLD LETTERS.



FULL DRESS ROBES OF A KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH, WITH UNDERDRESS OF GEORGE IV. PERIOD: THE CLOAK IS RED SATIN.

FOR THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN: ROBES OF KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER AND OF THE BATH, OF MARCHIONESSES, AND THE ALTERNATIVE ROBE OF A BARONESS.

Coronation dress regulations issued from the Earl Marshal's office record four major changes from those for the last Coronation. Alternative dress for peers not taking part in the processions or ceremonies is allowed, and those below the rank of Earl may wear Caps of State in place of coronets. Peeresses under the rank of Countess may wear alternative dress,

a robe without sleeves trimmed with miniver and with a cape collar of miniver, worn over a dress; and they may wear Caps of State in place of coronets. Knights of the Garter and Knights of the Bath taking part in the ceremonial and processions at the Coronation will wear full robes of their respective Orders. Colour photographs by A. C. K. Ware, Ltd.

MURALS FOUND IN A HERTS. COTTAGE.



CHRIST WITH HIS HAND RAISED IN BLESSING—IN ONE OF THE FIVE PANELS OF WALL-PAINTING DISCOVERED DURING RENOVATIONS TO AN OLD COTTAGE AT PICCOTT'S END.



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST BY ST. JOHN, WITH AN ANGEL STANDING BEHIND—ANOTHER OF THE PANELS, WELL PRESERVED EXCEPT FOR THE MUTILATION OF THE FACES.



THE COTTAGE AT PICCOTT'S END, NEAR HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, IN WHICH A 16-FT.-LONG SERIES OF PANELS OF MEDIEVAL WALL-PAINTING WAS DISCOVERED DURING RENOVATION.

We show here parts of two of the five panels of medieval wall-painting discovered during the recent renovation of an old cottage at Piccott's End, near Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire. Previous to the renovation, the cottage had been occupied continuously for 100 years by a single family, who had no suspicion of the existence of the murals. One of the five panels of painted plaster is not completely revealed, but it is expected to show a Nativity scene. The other four show the baptism of Christ; Christ raising His hand in blessing; the deposition from the Cross; and St. Peter, wearing the triple crown. As can be seen, the panels, which probably date from the fifteenth or sixteenth century, are in a good state of preservation, except for the faces, which appear to have been deliberately damaged. This could perhaps have been the work of iconoclasts in Cromwell's time. The discovery of the panels was made by Mr. A. C. Lindley, the son of the present owner of the cottage.

"THE POLITICAL PRISONER" DAMAGED.

Mr. Reg Butler's abstract sculpture—a composition in iron, including a cage, a transmuted guillotine and a ladder on an outcrop of rock—was awarded the first prize of £4525 in the International Sculpture Competition. Sir Herbert Read announced this, and gave the list of other awards made by the International Jury, on March 12, and the models were put on view at the Tate Gallery on Saturday last. On March 15, just before closing time, a visitor damaged Mr. Butler's model. Police officers were summoned and, later, Mr. Laslo Szilvassy, an artist, formerly Hungarian but now stateless, was charged with "maliciously damaging" the model, which is the property of the Institute of Contemporary Art. The prize awards aroused a good deal of discussion, as they represented a triumph for abstract sculpture. More than £11,000 was given in prize-money by an anonymous donor.



AWARDED £4525 IN THE INTERNATIONAL SCULPTURE COMPETITION FOR A WORK SYMBOLISING "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER"; MR. REG BUTLER'S MODEL, WHICH INCLUDED AN IRON CAGE, A TRANSMUTED GUILLOTINE AND A LADDER ON ROCK.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN DAMAGED BY A VISITOR TO THE TATE GALLERY, WHERE IT WAS ON VIEW, ON MARCH 15: MR. REG BUTLER'S MODEL REPRESENTING "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER." MR. BUTLER IS GREGORY FELLOW IN SCULPTURE, LEEDS UNIVERSITY.

FINDING A COLOSSAL HEAD OF APOLLO, AND OTHER DISCOVERIES IN THE ANCIENT CITIES OF LYCIA.

By F. J. TRITSCH, Reader in Ancient History and Archaeology, University of Birmingham; and AHMET DÖNMEZ, Assistant Director in the Museums and Antiquities Department, Ankara.

DURING June and July 1952 soundings and excavations were carried out by the contributors of this article in a hitherto little explored part of ancient Lycia belonging to the present Kaza of Kash in the Vilayet of Antalya (Fig. 1). The excavation work was financed by the University of Birmingham. Facilities were accorded by the Turkish Government and by the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, who contributed to some of the costs. Special encouragement was given by Dr. Burhanettin Onat, the Deputy for Antalya. Professor George Bean, of Istanbul University, assisted during part of the time.

The aims of the expedition were to explore the nature of possible Bronze Age remains and their relations with either Hittite Anatolia or the Mycenaean Aegean; to gain some knowledge of the archaic and early classical periods in Lycia, of which we know very little; and, finally, with some luck, to discover a few more inscriptions in Greek and particularly in the Lycian script and language, which has remained a tantalising puzzle to all concerned.

The results of the soundings at Kash itself were somewhat unexpected. Because of a bilingual inscription on a rock tomb at Kash, it had been generally concluded that this site, called Antiphellos in Greek and Roman times, was identical with the Lycian city Vehinta, of which we have a series of important early coins. Pliny gives us an even earlier name for the site, Habesos. Ten years ago, Professor Garstang located here for several reasons Apasas, the royal city of one of the largest and most important States of Bronze Age Asia Minor. It is true he has changed his opinion recently, but a surface survey undertaken in 1951 at Kash did seem to indicate the existence of early remains. Only excavations, however, could really clear up this point and solve the whole question. Last year's excavations have indeed solved it, but they soon created another problem. Not only has it been definitely ascertained that there are no Bronze Age remains whatsoever at Kash, nor any archaic remains, but not even any Lycian remains of the fifth century (the period of the Vehinta coins) came to light. We sounded the town area very thoroughly.

We discovered a great many interesting Hellenistic constructions and laid free the front of a Hellenistic temple. But each time the Hellenistic stratum went down to the rock (Fig. 9), and not a sherd, not a trace of anything earlier than perhaps the fourth century was to be found anywhere. Only on the top of the acropolis there seems to have been an older sanctuary of small size, from which earlier pottery had been washed down by the rain during the centuries until some fragments landed far below on the surface of the slopes and near the port, where they were duly picked up during the 1951 surface survey. The 1952 soundings proved that here under the surface there is nothing at all earlier than the late fourth century B.C. But then, where was Vehinta?

Where Habesos? It was with the help of Professor Bean that this riddle was solved. High above Kash, in the mountains rising steeply from the coast, there is an ancient city with massive polygonal walls (Fig. 8). Its name is unknown. Last year some new inscriptions were reported to us from there, two turned out to be Lycian and one in Greek written by a citizen of Phellos. From an analysis of these texts and other inscriptions, it can

be shown that the bilingual inscriptions on the rock tomb at Kash have been wrongly interpreted, and that the Lycian city Vehinta was not identical with Antiphellos, but with Phellos, for which Antiphellos served as a small port during the summer months.

Thus Kash-Antiphellos grew in importance from the fourth century onwards and developed into a city in Hellenistic times, when it became customary for cities to be founded right on the coast.

Professor Bean's help was also much appreciated during an exploratory tour of Eastern Lycia, from

was found, however, to read the name of the Lycian general who was involved in the wars described on the famous Stele of Xanthos and mentioned on the high sarcophagus at Kash-Antiphellos, a monument which has hitherto been dated much too early.

During the excavation campaign at Kash itself rescue soundings had to be undertaken at Gelemish-Patara (Fig. 4), also in the Kash Kaza, in order to safeguard a small area which was being terraced for olive plantations, and where a beautiful sherd of a Greek krater of about 480 B.C. had turned up. The results of the soundings, which lasted only four days, were really astonishing and richly compensated us for the lack of spectacular finds at Kash itself. A very large marble head, probably from an over-life-size cult-statue of Apollo, was recovered [Frontispiece], a Greek

masterpiece of the Hellenistic period, possibly a dedication by King Attalos of Pergamon, who also founded the city of Antalya-Attaleia. Twenty complete and almost complete Greek vases of the late fourth and early third centuries B.C. were found (Figs. 10-12), several Greek Red Figure vase fragments of the fifth, and nineteen fragments of Greek Black Figure vases of very good quality and mostly to be dated between 530 and 500 B.C., a female terracotta head of about 500 B.C. (Fig. 2), a terracotta figurine of a draped woman of the early third century (Fig. 3), an offering table of marble, and a great many smaller finds and sherds. All these objects we found stacked in two small rooms adjoining a large stone platform with very deep foundations, probably the two offering rooms of the temple of Apollo at Patara. Whether this was the site of the famous Manteion or Oracle is impossible to say at the present stage. But if, as now seems certain, almost all our Greek vase fragments of the sixth and fifth centuries are Attic, the question arises: to what temple of Apollo at Patara Athenian vases of such excellent quality would be dedicated if not to the famous Oracle which Herodotus, in the fifth century, compares with Egyptian Thebes and with Babylon?

Another important conclusion has been

reached as a result of last year's excavations and explorations in Lycia concerning the equivocal rôle played by the ancient Lycians of the Bronze Age in the conflict between Hittites and Achæans. It may help to solve one of the most interesting problems of that period, namely the historical part played by the Homeric Greeks in the southern Aegean, the way and direction in which they penetrated into Asia Minor, and their rôle in the period of final disintegration of the Hittite Empire. It is known that there was rivalry between Achæans and Hittites over the allegiance of the Lycian cities in the late Bronze Age, and that the Achæans had established themselves in the neighbourhood of these Lycian cities. Now, in 1952 we found ample evidence from a number of places to support the conclusion that there were no substantial settlements in Lycia during the Middle and Late Bronze Age. Even the famous Xanthos Valley, right down to the city of Xanthos, is free from Bronze Age remains. The twenty cities of the Bronze Age Lycians mentioned in Hittite texts must therefore have been situated elsewhere. The Lycians cannot have moved into Lycia before the Iron Age. The direction from which they came into Lycia is fairly clear, and it can

be shown that, in the Late Bronze Age, the Lycians had close relations with Miletus. Indeed the traditions of the Lycians and of Miletus (as recorded by Herodotus Ephoros and Strabo) are so similar that it is tempting to think of the Lycians as having come from Crete first to Miletus and then having spread or having been pushed eastward and, finally during the Iron Age, southward into later Lycia. [Continued on opposite page.]



FIG. 1. A MAP OF ANCIENT LYCIA, ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ASIA MINOR, TO ILLUSTRATE THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. THE PRINCIPAL PLACES MENTIONED ARE UNDERLINED.



FIG. 2. A TERRACOTTA HEAD OF SINGULAR BEAUTY, DATING FROM THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY B.C., AND DISCOVERED AMONG THE REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO UNCOVERED DURING "RESCUE SOUNDINGS" ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT PATARA.

Aperlai to Phaselis. Over forty new Greek inscriptions were found and copied, photographs and squeezes were taken. Also two other new inscriptions in Lycian were discovered (Figs. 5 and 7), one of them a very special find, written in Greek and Lycian, i.e., a bilingual inscription, and the whole in *Stoichedon* (i.e., with separate lines each running from left to right), of which we have so far only one example in Lycia.

This bilingual inscription is of the first half of the fourth century and has appreciable importance for the study of the Lycian language, the understanding of which is still very

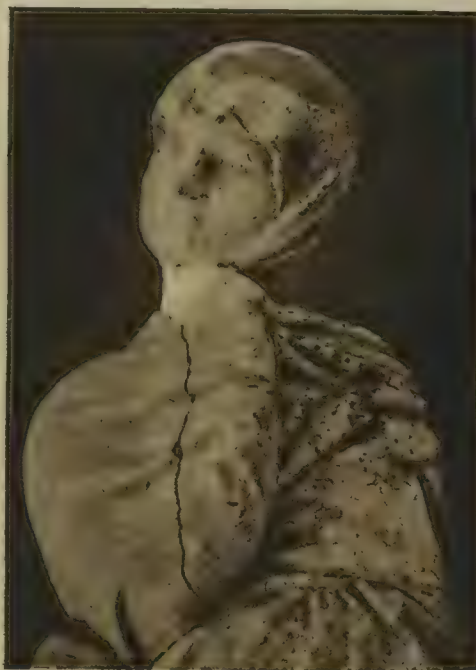


FIG. 3. THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF A FULL-LENGTH SWATHED TERRACOTTA FIGURINE OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OFFERING ROOM AT PATARA.



FIG. 4. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF ANCIENT PATARA. IN THE CENTRE ARE THE RUINS OF ROMAN BATHS; ON THE LOW HILL ON THE RIGHT THE REMAINS OF THE APOLLO TEMPLE AND THE HEAD OF THE COLOSSAL CULT-STATUE WERE FOUND; AND THE CLUMP OF PALMS ON THE LEFT IS BELIEVED TO MARK EVEN MORE ANCIENT REMAINS, NOT AS YET EXPLORED.

imperfect. It gives us a new clue to the transcription of vowels and to the remnants of vowel harmony in Lycian. What is more, the Imbert Rule, according to which certain verbal suffixes become modified when inversion occurs, becomes itself modified and inverted through this inscription. The other Lycian inscription, of which, unfortunately, only fragments remain, is a long historical text in verse form (Fig. 7). Enough

LIGHT ON LYCIA FROM NEWLY-DISCOVERED INSCRIPTIONS, AND SOME TEMPLE OFFERINGS.

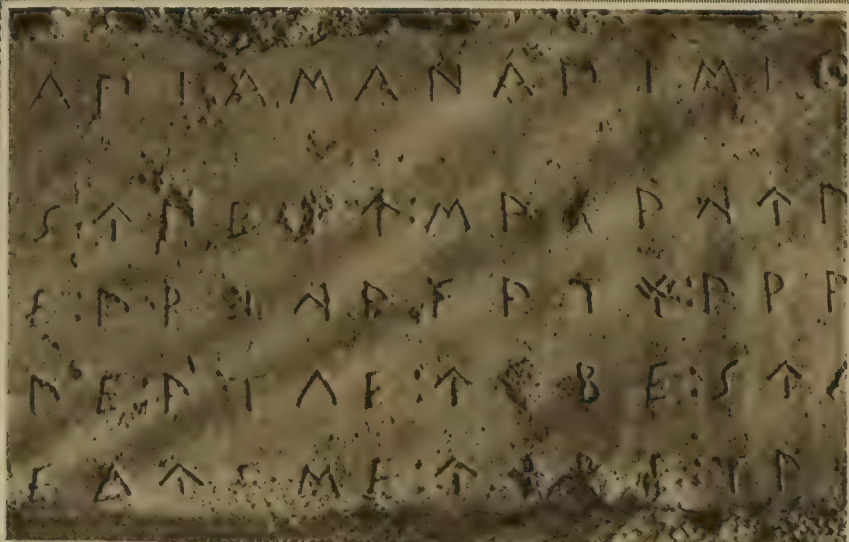
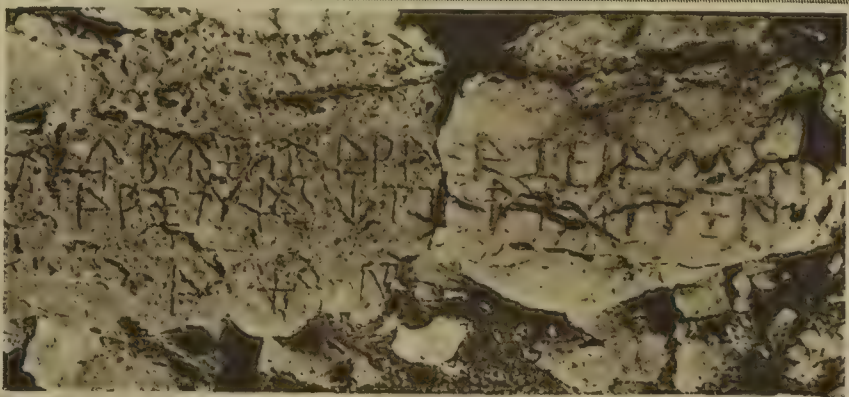


FIG. 5. PART OF AN IMPORTANT BILINGUAL INSCRIPTION (GREEK AND LYCIAN) FOUND AT KORYDALLA. IT RECORDS THE BUILDING OF A HEROON. THE WHOLE IS OF FIVE LINES OF TWENTY-EIGHT LETTERS EACH.



(ABOVE.)
FIG. 6. ANOTHER NEW LYCIAN INSCRIPTION, FOUND AT ANCIENT PHELLOS. IT CONTAINS A COMPLETELY NEW SIGN, WHICH MAY BE A MARK OF PUNCTUATION.



FIG. 7. THE THIRD NEW LYCIAN INSCRIPTION: A LONG HISTORICAL FRAGMENT IN VERSE. FOUND AT SOURA, IT MAKES FREQUENT MENTION OF A FAMOUS LYCIAN GENERAL, PREVIOUSLY RECORDED AT XANTHOS.



FIG. 8. REMAINS OF PHELLOS, THE ANCIENT CITY HIGH ABOVE KASH, NOW IDENTIFIED BY THE AID OF THE NEW INSCRIPTIONS AS LYCIAN YEHINTA.



FIG. 9. THE SOUNDING AT ANTIPHILLOS, SHOWING THE HELLENISTIC MARBLE FLOOR (LEFT) LYING DIRECT ON THE VIRGIN ROCK.

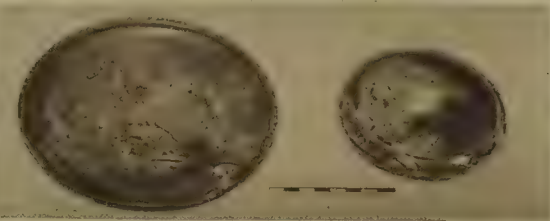


FIG. 10. A BLACK-GLAZED PLATE AND BOWL, GREEK OF THE LATE FOURTH AND EARLY THIRD CENTURIES, FOUND IN THE APOLLO TEMPLE AT PATARA.



FIG. 11. A REMARKABLY FINE FLUTED BLACK-GLAZED GREEK VASE OF THE LATE FOURTH CENTURY B.C., WITH TWISTED HANDLES.



FIG. 12. ALSO FOUND IN THE PATARA TEMPLE: AN OIL FLASK OF A VERY UNUSUAL GREEK FORM. THE BRONZE STOPPER WAS FOUND IN THE FLASK'S MOUTH.

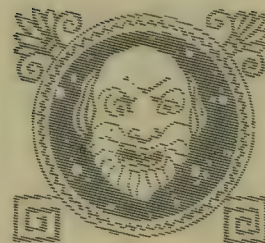
Continued.

The Achæans, of whom there is no trace in Lycia, must have penetrated in to Asia Minor through Miletus, where they governed the large Mycænæan city there and came into conflict with the Hittites because of the neighbouring Lycians. But the Lycians had also been seafaring, they had made powerful attacks on Cyprus and on Egypt. If they had held some naval base on the Lycian coast for this purpose, it would explain why they moved into this

country later on. Whether Patara or Xanthos was their first city in Lycia can only be proved by further excavations, but the estuary of the Xanthos River did remain their political and religious centre. To Professor P. Demargne, who will again be directing the French excavations at Xanthos this year, we now hand on the torch for further discoveries in Lycia. (A photograph of the colossal head of Apollo referred to appears on the front page of this issue.)



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



SATURNALIA.

By ALAN DENT.

NEVER since the saturnalia of Glasgow as it used to be on a Saturday night have I seen lying all over the place so many examples of the abuse of alcohol.

In "The Bad and the Beautiful," a satire on Hollywood made in Hollywood, practically everyone is partly propped by a bottle. But the chief victim is a film-actress, played by Lana Turner, who at one phase becomes so helpless that she is dropped into a lily-pool, fully clothed, in order to recover. The dropper is her producer (Kirk Douglas), a man with great talent but no scruples, who does bad turns not only to his leading lady but also to his director (Barry Sullivan) and his script-writer (Dick Powell) as well.

This film is tiresomely told by means of no fewer than three separate "flash-backs." And the spectacle of Hollywood trying so hard to be shocked at its own excesses is a little dispiriting. We come away declining to believe that it is as bad as all that, or as beautiful. But we come away, too, with the conviction that we have seen a remarkably adept director (Vincente Minnelli) making the best of a script by no means worthy of his powers. The final shot lingers in the mind. The three victims, in a conclave of abuse, are suddenly telephoned from Paris by the very man who has dealt so badly with them. He has a splendid idea for a new film involving all four of them. Will they join him? The old

that played by Miss Turner, since both actresses are anxious, as the saying is, to "stage a come-back," and succeed in coming back only a small part of the way. But you may trust Miss Davis to give a riotous

and his Ark, and Peggotty is duly and doggedly waiting there. Rubbish, if you like, but Miss Davis makes it intensely enjoyable rubbish. For Miss Davis over-acting is so much more exciting than a hundred lesser and younger stars under-acting.

In "Come Back, Little Sheba" most of the drinking has been done before the film begins. For the hero (Burt Lancaster) is a cured dipsomaniac, lovingly tended by a wife (Shirley Booth) who frankly describes herself as old, fat and flappy. Miss Booth played the part in the original play on Broadway. She is obviously a magnificent actress who has come into the film almost against her will. Her performance, though it is so frank and ugly, is curiously moving and even beautiful in its effect. The Sheba of the title is a little lost dog of which she continually dreams. She chatters about her dreams—is wistful, hopelessly slatternly. Mr. Lancaster as the husband is vastly better than one would expect from one who has been skylarking and mountebanking and pirating about in his last half-dozen pictures. His abstinent resolution breaks at last—not, oddly enough, through boredom with his home life, but through a pang of jealousy which smites him when he discovers that a girl student who lodges in his house has a lover who thinks that dancing in the dark is a pleasant alternative to studying for exams. This is a far from entertaining film, but remarkably good acting keeps it an enthralling one.

The character who is "loaded"—this time quite permanently—in "The Titfield Thunderbolt" is a rich business man (Stanley Holloway) in an English village served by almost the last of the old branch-line railway-services. The station is given a Notice of Closure. But the parson and the squire and some other village potentates propose to run the little train themselves, and the business man is persuaded to finance them when told that he can stay permanently in the train's saloon-bar. They remind him that



"FOR QUITE AN HOUR IT ALL SEEMS ONE OF THE BEST JOSES EVER TO EMERGE FROM THE EALING STUDIOS. AND THAT IS SAYING MUCH. BUT, OF COURSE, IT GOES ON FOR NINETY MINUTES OR MORE": "THE TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE VILLAGERS TAKE THE Thunderbolt FROM ITS RESTING-PLACE IN THE MUSEUM TO PUT IT INTO SERVICE AGAIN.



"THE BEST OF THE ACTING IN THIS FILM SEEMS TO ME TO COME FROM DICK POWELL AS THE AUTHOR AND FROM GLORIA GRAHAME AS HIS SINGULARLY FOOLISH WIFE": "THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL" (M.G.M.)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING A SMALL-TOWN SOCIALITE EXCITEDLY READING WHAT AUTHOR JAMES LEE BARTLOW (DICK POWELL) HAS WRITTEN IN HER AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF HIS LATEST NOVEL. ROSEMARY (GLORIA GRAHAME; LEFT) REFLECTS ON HER HUSBAND'S MESSAGE.

insidious charm seeps through the telephone, and the three set their heads together to catch it, to agree, and to succumb.

The best of the acting in this film seems to me to come from Dick Powell as the author and from Gloria Grahame as his singularly foolish wife, without whose prattling presence he cannot do any work at all—just as some other writers cannot work away from the roar of the city or from the quiet of their country cottages. Bobbing up and down in the background, too, is the devastating figure of Lucille Knoch, as a dancing blonde who is not only dumb but apparently blind as well. She is the most satirically funny thing in a film which is apparently meant to be satirically funny throughout, though it only succeeds in being satirically sad.

In "The Star" we behold the decline and fall of another film-actress, this time brilliantly played by Bette Davis. The character has its resemblances to

hand holding a bottle of raw liquor, her left the steering-wheel plus a cigarette.

Next morning Margaret is bailed-out by the only friend left to her in the wide, wide world—a wide, wide boatman who has long loved her in his humble way and whom she once tried in vain to turn into a film-actor. As Ham Peggotty, Sterling Hayden is capitally the gentle giant, as good as gold, as patient and devoted as any slave. But as Little Emily—which her rôle resembles hereabouts—Miss Davis is not nearly so happy. As a witty colleague observed, this actress is much better burning boats than mending them. She receives—or contrives to receive—the offer of a second-string part, the elder sister of an oncoming star. She makes a mess of it during the screen-test by acting as if she were only half her age. She goes to see the "rushes" all by herself, and the atrociousness of her performance dawns upon her. Her career is over. There is nothing for it but Peggotty

performance, even when she has to pretend to be a bad actress. This Margaret, as her name is, is a sight to be seen. She flaunts and prances, in Miss Davis's best style, and she does not hesitate to let us see her looking like the wrath of Beelzebub.

Margaret has reached the stage of being unhelpable. Earlier on in her career she had been awarded one of those prize statuettes, and she never knows quite what to do with it till one night, in a mood of mad despair at the cinema world's indifference to what remains of her future, she drives out into the night in her lonely Cadillac after what she calls a "binge." She props her statuette against the windscreen and rushes forth nowhere, anywhere, at top speed, her right



"YOU MAY TRUST MISS DAVIS TO GIVE A RIOTOUS PERFORMANCE, EVEN WHEN SHE HAS TO PRETEND TO BE A BAD ACTRESS": "THE STAR" (20TH-CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING BETTE DAVIS AS MARGARET ELLIOT AND STERLING HAYDEN AS JIM JOHANNSSON IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM.

there is no such thing as closing of the bar (as Tennyson would say) while an English train is running. And that settles it.

The Technicolor makes rural England in high summer almost as lovely as it can look. George Relf and Sir Godfrey Tearle are to be viewed as a parson and a bishop joyously driving a primitive railway-engine. For quite an hour it all seems one of the best jokes ever to emerge from the Ealing Studios. And that is saying much. But, of course, it goes on for ninety minutes or more.

A SUPERB FILM PERFORMANCE BY THE U.S. ACTRESS, MISS SHIRLEY BOOTH.



LOLA DELANEY (SHIRLEY BOOTH) IS THE WIFE OF A CHIROPRACTOR. BOTH LEAD LONELY, FRUSTRATED LIVES AND SHE GRIEVES FOR HER LOST DOG, SHEBA.



HUSBAND AND WIFE MAKE MUTUAL EFFORTS TO RELIVE THEIR PAST HAPPINESS TOGETHER. LOLA (SHIRLEY BOOTH) REMINDS "DOC" (BURT LANCASTER) OF HER CHARLESTON DANCING DAYS. "DOC" IS FIGHTING HIS CRAVING FOR DRINK.



LOLA (SHIRLEY BOOTH), WHO HAS LET A ROOM TO MARIE (TERRY MOORE), HEARS THAT THE GIRL'S FIANCÉ, BRUCE, IS ARRIVING. THEY GET OUT THE BEST CHINA.



"DOC" (BURT LANCASTER), WHO FINDS THAT MARIE (TERRY MOORE) REPRESENTS SOMETHING OF HIS LOST HOPES AND DREAMS, TRIES TO PROTECT HER FROM RUINING HER LIFE IN AN AFFAIR WITH TURK FISHER (RICHARD JAECKEL) IN BRUCE'S ABSENCE.



THE DELANEYS ATTEND A PARTY GIVEN BY "ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS" TO CELEBRATE THEIR CURES. "DOC" (BURT LANCASTER) IS GIVEN A CAKE WITH ONE CANDLE TO MARK A YEAR'S ABSTENTION.



DISILLUSIONED BECAUSE HE THINKS MARIE HAS LET TURK BECOME HER LOVER, "DOC" (BURT LANCASTER) YIELDS TO THE OLD TEMPTATION AND GOES OFF ON A DRINKING BOUT. HE RETURNS VERY LATE AT NIGHT.



LOLA (SHIRLEY BOOTH), HAVING WAITED UP FOR "DOC" (BURT LANCASTER), IS APPALLED WHEN HE RETURNS VIOLENTLY INTOXICATED. HE REVIEWS HIS LIFE BITTERLY AND THEN ATTACKS HER WITH A KNIFE. TWO FRIENDS ARRIVE IN TIME TO SAVE HER.



"DOC" RETURNS TO LOLA AFTER A STAY IN HOSPITAL WHERE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS DRINKING BOUT. SHE RECEIVES HIM WITH LOVING FORGIVENESS AND TELLS HIM MARIE AND BRUCE HAVE GOT MARRIED. "DOC" IMPLORES LOLA NEVER TO LEAVE HIM.

A FILM WITH AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE BY AN AMERICAN ACTRESS: "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA."

The superb study of a wife who frankly describes herself as "old, fat and floppy" transforms an American film "Come Back, Little Sheba". (Paramount), which has an unattractive theme, into an enthralling entertainment. Miss Shirley Booth, who can be seen on this page in some scenes from the film, is a well-known

stage actress who has never before played in the cinema. For her portrayal of Lola Delaney in the stage presentation of "Come Back, Little Sheba," Miss Booth won five major awards. Those who see her in this film will understand why her performance is considered to be so outstanding.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT would be nonsense to pretend that charm, in fiction, is the prerogative of women writers; but one might say that, on the whole, it is their gift, and that an all-male week is likely to be rather lacking in it. While, on the other hand, there is more chance of objectivity and business, and a broad social view. Only more chance; novels about the world as it is run are not extremely common (and it is easy to think why), but they are almost certain to be masculine.

We have a specimen this week in "The New Town," by Mervyn Jones (Cape; 15s.). Here, all the interest is in society at work: in social forces, conflicts and developments. Even what might be called the private issues are really social at the root; they have as much to do with background as with personality. The scene is a new town in Essex—launched on a wave of hope, when housing was the topic of the day, and now in danger of being stranded. Interest has moved on to the dollar gap and the Korean War. At first the threat is piecemeal; it shows itself in economic cuts, loss of priorities, delay in building—a general slowing-up and bogging-down. The zest is gone; but the main project is intact. Then comes a knock-out blow. An oil refinery is to be planted on the site and will bedevil the whole plan.

For Harry Peterson, this is a cross-road. So far, the path of duty has been identical with the way up. He is a Socialist from a Welsh mining town, who found his opportunity during the war—rose from lance-corporal to colonel in four years, mixed with the governing elite, and in so doing acquired a "lady" wife and an addiction to superiority. It would have hurt him, afterward, to be demoted. But it was not required; for Labour came in with a rush, housing was all the cry, and as the general manager of a new town, Harry could serve at once his creed and his ambition. At first he could—while Long Ness was in full career. Then the wind changed, bringing uncertainty and tension. His marriage has already cracked; Angela wants him to get on, resents being stuck, and in revenge is squalidly unfaithful. He can get rid of her without a pang. But it will take some courage to throw up his job and go right back to his beginnings.

For that is what it really comes to. Harry's devotion to Long Ness is really a devotion to his background, to his first ideals. And yet he got there a false way—by leaving his own class, and by success, against the grain of its tradition, in the "killing trade." At last the paradox has found him out; he has to plump for the new town or the Korean War—and his first self prevails. It is the same with Angela. She is not merely grasping and corrupt; she is, by origin, an anti-planner, for whom "brick box" Utopias have no appeal. All Mr. Jones's characters are "placed" like this. All social elements are represented. It is, in fact, an admirable book; though, like the hero, rather admirable than engaging.

OTHER FICTION.

"Guy Renton," by Alec Waugh (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), describes a London family between the wars. Guy is a solid character in every sense: an ex-International footballer, a wine merchant by calling and heredity, and a good sort all through. In fact, a dull dog to the casual eye: sure, one might think, to marry a nice wife and have a rising family of children. Guy thought so, too, and would have asked for nothing better. His ideas are orthodox; but the one woman in his life is married, with a little boy. They met in 1925, when he was skiing at Murren; and since she won't break up her home, Guy's domesticities have to be underground. Before, he lived at Highgate with his parents; for the new life he moves into a flat. But he is unchanged to his family and to the world at large; or, if there is a change, this hidden life makes him more tolerant and sympathetic. To his young brother Franklin—so gifted, nonchalant, "post-war," and so assiduous in scrapes—he is a tower of unrepenting strength; to Margery, unhappy and adrift, he is the best of confidants, and to the little Barbara a kind uncle.

This novel too has a strong likeness to the hero; it is broad, orthodox, a trifle stolid—and yet less stolid than it looks. Guy's world of Rugby and the wine trade, though not at all far-fetched, is slightly off the beaten track. So is his love-affair; in English, one would expect the "outside third" to be a woman. Indeed, novels of sentiment are usually by women writers. This is a transposition to the masculine—with a male background of events, more incident than plot, and, if not charm, a likeable warm-hearted quality.

"The Secret Life of Miss Lottering," by Neil Bell (Alvin Redman; 10s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories, headed by the "novella" of the title. Here we have two unmarried sisters—Sybil the stay-at-home, and Mary the efficient secretary—getting through life gently in a London suburb, and showing no points of interest. Then Mary disappears. Sybil calls in the police; odd facts emerge, they find an extraordinary will—and we are launched on a detective novel, of a pigmy size. The scale is no defect; indeed, I thought it an advantage. The author just might be accused of cheating; but, on the other hand, his plot is real, with a real shudder in its wake. He has a strong addiction to the grisly—there is a horrid instance in "The Tramp"—and he is fond of crime, and of the queer, fantastic, violently macabre. But a few stories are in gayer or ironic vein; and they have all invention and surprise.

"The Nabob's Jewel," by C. A. Alington (Faber; 10s. 6d.), is not so much a thriller as a holiday from thrillers. True, there is mystery. On a short trip to Reading, an ex-solicitor of set and literary habits becomes involved with a mysterious girl and a strange, nonchalant young man, and comes into possession of a famous jewel. There is a touch of shadiness; Lord Hamsterley, that guileless optimistic ass, is in financial straits, and toying with dubious expedients. And one might even argue that there is a crime. But not only do things come right; virtually, they are right all through. Only one character—and he an optimist—suffers a moment's pain. Indeed, the jewel and its adventures are of mere background interest. The foreground is the narrative itself—urbane, digressive, humorous and full of charm.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM MOUNTAINS TO FIELD WORK.

MR. THOMAS WEIR, the author of "The Ultimate Mountains" (Cassell; 21s.), could scarcely be described as a literary gent. This account of a journey which he and three fellow-members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club made to the Central Himalaya a couple of years ago has few, if any, literary graces. Sometimes a man of action succeeds as a writer by the very artlessness of a straightforward style. Mr. Weir's book, however, is simple but jumbled. That is to say, even with the aid of a map I am not quite clear where the party went or even, on some occasions, whether they were successful in climbing the mountains they set out to attack. And yet, perhaps, this is as it should be. I have a very vivid memory as a child of the distant Himalaya at sunset—an unending jumble of great peaks stretching apparently for ever into the hinterland of Asia, with a foreground of angry black monsoon clouds. Nobody whose experience is confined to Europe can have any accurate vision of the immense extent of the mountain ranges of Asia, and if Mr. Weir succeeds in one thing it is in conveying an impression of that immensity. Mr. Weir and his companions described a rough circle through the central Himalaya, starting and finishing at Ranikhet. They travelled comparatively light and they travelled joyously. This is perhaps the book's pre-eminent quality. There are many things in it which irritated me. For one thing, as the book is presumably intended for sale outside Scotland, other than Scottish Alpines will be left in the dark by frequent allusions to particular points of Highland climbs which are familiar to Mr. Weir and his friends. References to the desperate north wall of the Skurr-na-haggis, to the pinnacles of Skean-dhu, or the stone-swept couloirs of Ben Parritch may leave them as cold as they left me. However, this is the extent of my criticism. My heart warms to Mr. Weir when he says at one point, when they had failed to climb a mountain: "Up here, the rock, snow and ice was alive, chasing away disappointment for our failure of yesterday. It was the mountains that mattered, not the summits." And the photographs taken by Mr. Weir and by Mr. Douglas Scott are without doubt some of the finest I have ever seen. This is not a great book about great mountaineering. It is, however, a cheerful book, beautifully illustrated, about cheerful mountaineering.

Mr. Eric Shipton's "The Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition 1951" (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.) is a different matter. The text can be read in three-quarters of an hour, and, indeed, the magnificent photographs are likely to detain the reader much longer. Perhaps Mr. Weir is not altogether to be blamed for failing to convey to me a clear picture of the majesty of the mountains he climbed, for, as Mr. Shipton—one of the world's greatest climbers and possessed of an excellent pen—says of the south face of Lhotse: "Even on the spot it is impossible to grasp the scale of these gigantic precipices which stand nearly 10,000 feet above the glaciers of the basin." The main purpose of the expedition, as its name implies, was not to attempt to climb Everest, but to see whether, now that attack from the Tibetan side is out of the question, due to the Communist "liberation" of that country, it was possible to find a route via the South Col as a result of exploring the great West Cwm. The result of the expedition was both heartening and disappointing. They proved that it was possible to climb the ice-fall and, at great risk, to carry a camp through into the Cwm, but conditions were such that they felt it essential to abandon the project. Mr. Shipton believes that in the spring (his was an autumn expedition) conditions would be much easier. Although he does not say so, he leaves one with the impression that if ever Everest is to be conquered, it will be via the route which his reconnaissance expedition so usefully explored. For connoisseurs of understatement, I must recommend his paragraph about the footprints which they discovered of "Yetis," or "Abominable Snowmen." Mr. Shipton writes as follows: "It was on one of the glaciers of the Menlung basin, at a height of about 19,000 feet, that, late one afternoon, we came across those curious footprints in the snow the report of which has caused a certain amount of public interest in this country." (The italics are mine.)

Of the writing of many books on skiing by Sir Arnold Lunn, there appears to be (thank goodness) no end. The many new ski-ers who have returned mahogany-coloured from this year's wonderful season for snow and sun (why is it always a perfect season in the years when I cannot go) should not do better than get his "The Story of Skiing" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.), and realise how much they owe to the "Ski-Pabst"—the "Pope of Skiing" as the Swiss long ago christened Sir Arnold. For the younger generation the old skiing controversies may mean little, but if the slalom and the downhill races are now the foundation of high-speed skiing, this is largely due to Sir Arnold—a Frankenstein who incidentally sometimes shudders at the *piste*-shackled monster he has created. The modern ski-er with his, or her, short skis and vestigial sticks cannot have any idea of the fight which Sir Arnold had to put up in the F.I.S. to get downhill running put on even a parity with the Langlauf and jumping so beloved of the Norwegian pioneers, and to have stick-riding abolished. In the first battles at St. Moritz in 1928 a Norwegian was heard to say: "Do you know who is the man in all the world who has done most harm to skiing? I will tell you. Mr. Arnold Lunn." Nowadays the ski-ing world agrees that on the whole the genial Supreme Pontiff has been a Good Thing.

I wish that I could devote the whole of this article to "Archæology in the Field," by O. G. S. Crawford (Phoenix; 42s.), as a book from the pen of one of the greatest living archæologists is an exciting event. Somebody has said of Mr. Crawford that "no single person has done more to place the study of the remoter past on the secure and sound basis on which it now rests." As a field worker, Mr. Crawford needs no introduction. As a scholar, his scholarship informs everything he writes. Not the least interesting aspect of this remarkable book are the aerial photographs taken in Africa, one of which at least shows how closely akin the aspect of present-day Kenya is to mediæval Kent.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

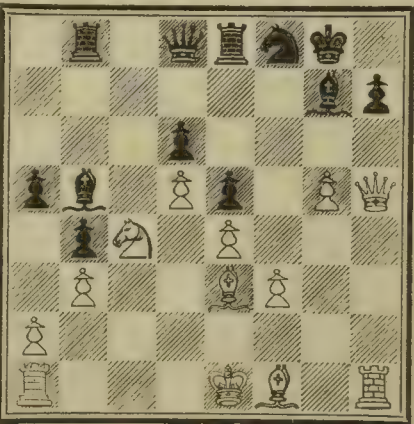
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"OVERBURDENING," though a simple enough theme, decides many and many a game. Here is an elementary example:



White wins a piece by 1. BxKtch, KxB; 2. KtxB. (Or, vice versa, 1. KtxB, KxKt; 2. BxKt.) The black king has more work to do than it can cope with.

One of the prettiest examples of overburdening I have ever seen occurred in a Swedish game recently.



Black appears to have everything under control. The rook on his K1 appears exceptionally secure, being attacked only by White's queen whilst defended by a queen, a bishop and the other black rook. But Stoltz (White) played without hesitation: 24. Kt x QP! Q x Kt. 25. B x B.

It has taken just two moves to shatter the illusion! Of the rook's three defenders one has disappeared. The others, we now see, were overburdened with other duties: the queen, with the protection of the queen's pawn; the rook, with the protection of the bishop. Since 25... R x B would allow 26. Q x R (the rook!), Black has nothing better than 25... KR-B1, which left him with a hopeless ending after 26. B-B6.

Distribute the work of protection as evenly as possible among your men, 'overburdening' none of them!

That American genius, Sam Loyd, once set himself the curious task of finding how soon stalemate could come about, without any piece or pawn being removed from the board. Here is the rather comical result of his investigations:

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q3	7. R-QR3	P-QB4
2. Q-Q2	P-K4	8. R-KKt3	Q-QR4ch
3. P-QR4	P-K5	9. Kt-Q2	B-KR5
4. Q-KB4	P-KB4	10. P-KB3	B-QKt6
5. P-KR3	B-K2	11. P-Q5	P-K6
6. Q-KR2	B-K3	12. P-QB4	P-KB5

Crazy chess. But if stalemate was the object, it has certainly been achieved.

White can't move!

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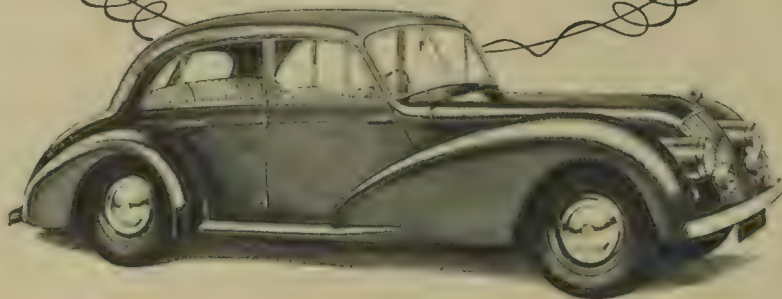
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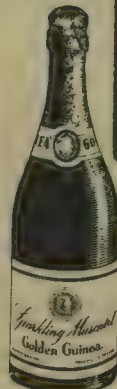
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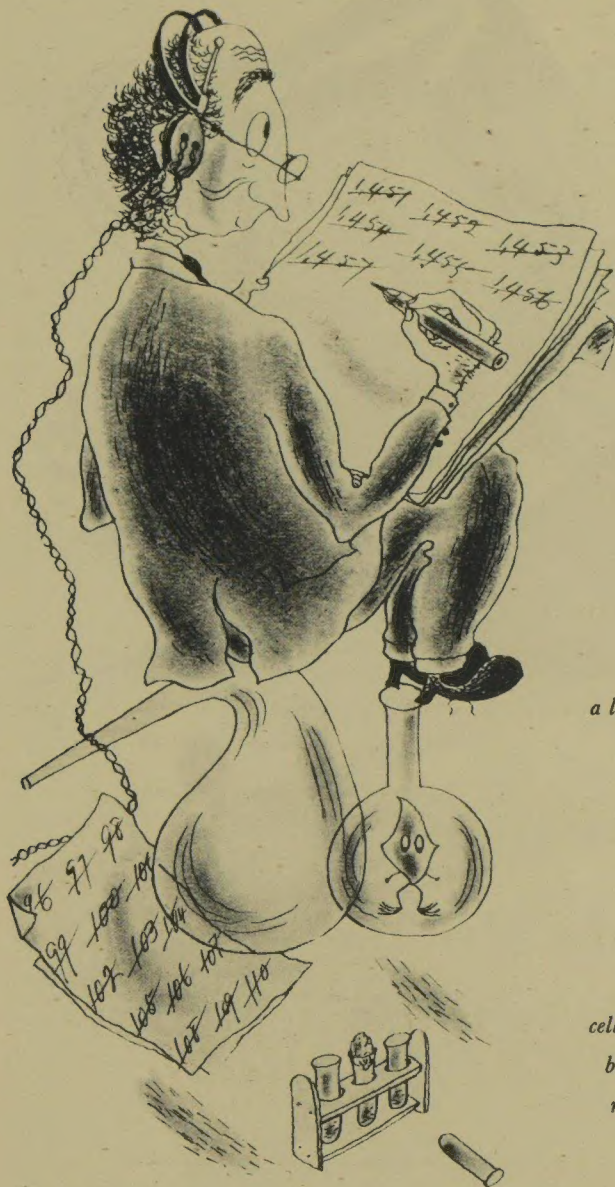
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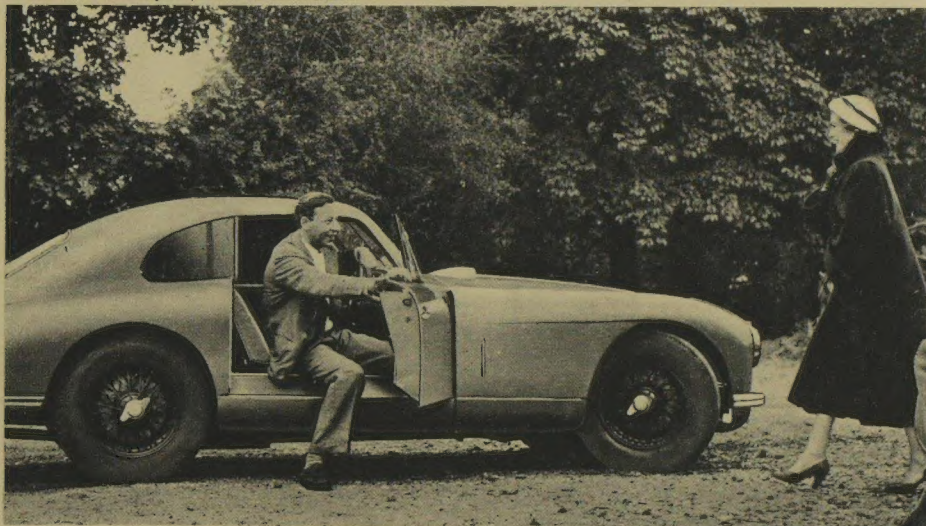
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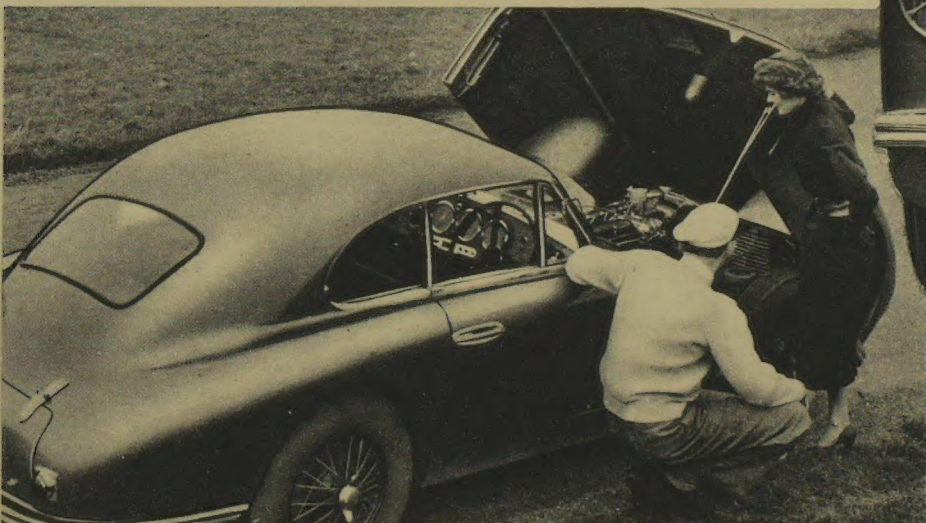
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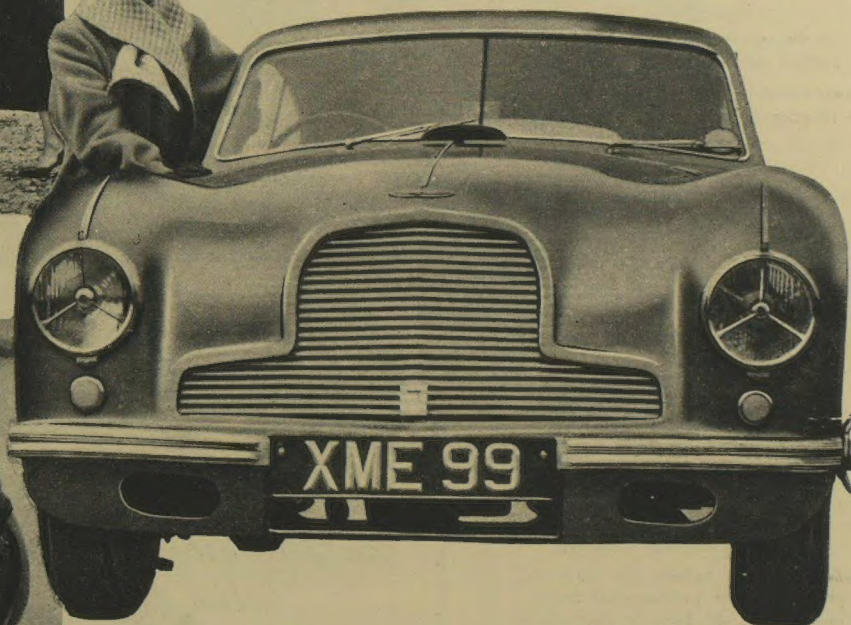


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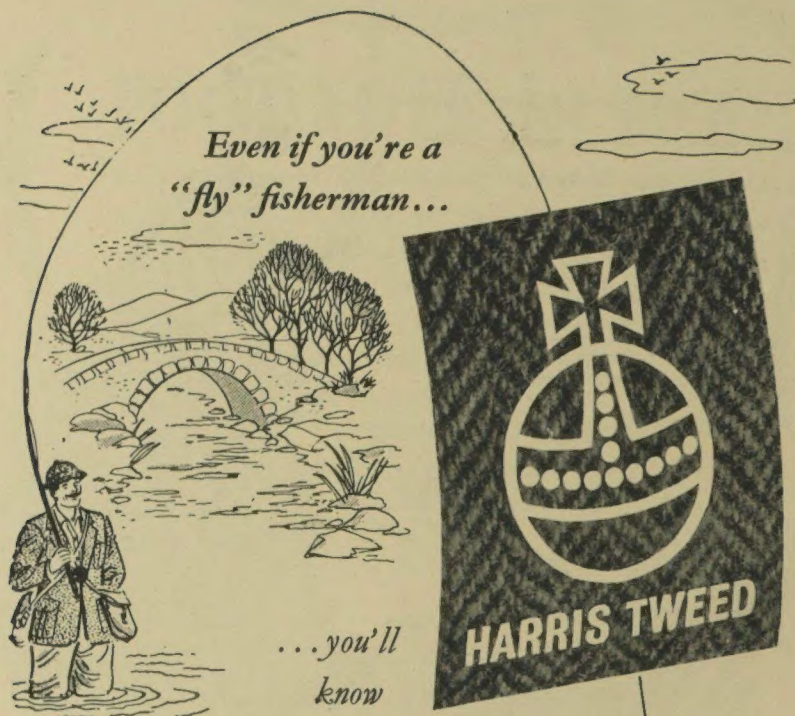


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